Your fiue Gallants.

As it hath beene often in Action at the Black-friers.

Written by T. Middleton.

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A

Your fiue Gallants.

Preſenter or prologue, paſſing ouer the Stage, the Bawde-gallant, with three wenches gallantly attirde, meetes him, the whore-Gallant, the pocket-Gallant, the cheating-Gallant, keſſe theſe three wenches and depart in a little whiſper and wanton action: now for the other the Broker-Gallant, hee ſits at home yet I warrant you, at this time of day, ſumming vp his pawnes, hactenus quaſi inductio, *a little glimpſe giuing.*

Enter a fellow.

1. IS your pawne good and ſound ſir?

2. Ile pawne my life for that ſir;

1 Place your ſelfe there then, I will ſeeke to preferre it preſently: my Maiſter is very iealous of the peſtilence; marry the pox ſits at meate and meale with him. *ſtarts back.*

Frip. Lent the fift day of September to miſtreſſe *Onſet* vpon her gowne, Taffatie petticote with three broad ſiluer Laces, three pound fifteene ſhillings.

Lent to Iuſtice *Cropſhin* vpon both his Veluet Iackets, fiue pound ten ſhillings.

Lent priuately to my Lady *New-cut*, vpon her gilt Caſting-bottle, and her ſiluer Lye-pot, fiftie fiue ſhillings.

1. Sir.

Frip. Lent to Sir *Oliuer Needy* vpon his Taffatie cloake, Beuer hat, and perfumd lether-Ierkin, 6. pound 5. ſhillings.

1. May it pleaſe your worſhip——

Frip. Lent to maiſter *Andrew Lucifer*, vpon his flame-colourd doublet, and blew Taffity-hoſe---top the candle ſirrah, mee thinkes the light burnes blew-when came that ſuite in.

1. Tas laine aboue the yeare now?

Frip Fire and brimſtone, cut it out into matches, the white linings will ſerue for tinder.

1. And with little helpe ſir, they are almoſt black ynough already?

allready?—Sir here's an other come with a pawne;

Frip. Keepe him aside awhile, and reach me hether the Bill of the last weeke;

1. Tis here at hand sir?

Frip. Now sir what's your pawne?

3. The second part of a Gentlewomans gowne sir, the lower halfe I meane;

Frip. I apprehend you easily, the breeches of the gowne!

3. Very proper, for shee weares the doublet at home, a ghuest that lies in my house sir; she lookes euery houre: for her cousine out at'h country.

Frip. Oh her cousine lies here a may mistake in that? my firend of what parish is your pawne?

3. Parish why? Saint *Clements* sir,—Ile come to you presently,

Frip. What parish is your pawne my friend, Saint Brides 5. Saint *Dunstones* none; Saint *Clements* 3. 3. at *Clements*, away with your pawne sir, your parish is infected, I will neither purchase the plague for six pence in the pound, and a groat Bill mony, nor venture my smal stocke into contagious parishes: you haue your answer fare-you-well, as fast as you can sir.

3, The pox arrest you sir at the suite of the Suburbs.

Frip. I welcome, welcome.

3. For I thinke plague scornes your company. *Exit.*

Frip. I rancke with chiefe Gallants, I loue to smell safely: lent in the vacation to maister Proctor vppon his Spirituall gowne, 5. angels; and vpon his Corporall doublet, 15. shillings. summe 3. pound 5. shillings.

1. Sir. *Frip.* Now sir. *Enter his man bringing a trunke.*

2. Heer's one come in with a trunke of apparrell.

Frip. Whence comes it?

1. From Saint *Martins* in the field.

Frip. Saint *Martins* in the field,—Saint *Mary Maudlin* 2. Saint *Martins* none, her's an honest fellow, let him appeare sir.

1. You may come neere sir.

Frip. Oh welcome, welcome, what's your pawne sir?

4. Faith a Gentlewomans whole suite sir.

Frip

Frie. Whole ſuite? tis well.

4. A poore kinde ſoule, troubled with a bad husband; one that puts her to her ſhifts here.

Frip. Hee puts her from her ſhifts me thinkes when ſhe is faine to pawne her clothes?

4 Looke you ſir, a faire Sattin gowne; new Taffaty petticote.

Frip. Stay, this petticoate has bene turnd?

4. Often turnd vp and down & you wil, but neuer turnd ſir.

Frip. Cry you mercy indeed:

4. A fine white Beuer, pearle-band; 3. falls, I ha knowne her haue more in her daies.

Frip. Alaſſe and ſhe bee but a Gentlewoman of any count or charge, 3. faules are nothing, in theſe daies-Know that; tut the worlds chang'd, gentlewomans faules ſtand vpright now, no ſinne but has a Bolſter, that it may lye at eaſe: Well what do you borrow of theſe ſir?

4. Twelue pound and you will ſir. *Frip.* How?

4. They were not hers for twenty.

Frip. Why ſo: our pawne is euer thrice the value of our mony vnles in plate and Iewells, how ſhould the moneths bee reſtor'd and the vſe elſe? we muſt caſt it for the twelue moneth, ſo many pounds, ſo many moneths, ſo many eighteene pences, then the vſe of theſe eighteene pences, then the want of the returne of thoſe pounds, all theſe muſt bee laid togither, which well conſidered, the valuation of the pawne had need to ſound treble: Can ſix pound pleaſure the Gentlewoman.

4. It may pleaſe her, but like a man of threeſcore in the Limbreſt degree.

Frip. I haue but one word more to ſay in't, twenty nobles is all and the vtmoſt that I will haxard vppon't. (paid, come.

4. ſhe muſt be content with't, the leſſe borrowed the better

Frip. Arthur? 1. At hand ſir.

Frip Tell out twenty nobles, and take her name in a Bill?

4. Im e ſatisfied ſir?

Frip. Welcome: good Saint *Martins* in the field, welcome, welcome, I know no other name?

Enter Bawde-Gallant, Primero?

Prim. What so hard at your praiers?

Fri. A litle sir, summing vp my pawnes here: what Maister *Primero?* is it you sir Gallant; and how does all the prety sweete Ladies, those plumpe, kinde, delicate blisses; ha? whom I kisse in my very thoughts: how do they Gallant?

Pri. Why Gallant? if they should not doe well in my house, where should it be done boy, haue I not a glorious Scituation?

Fri. Oh a Gallant Receit, Violet ayre, curious garden, quaint walkes, fantasticall Arbors, three back-doores and a Coach-gate, nay tha'rt admirably seated, little furniture will serue thee, tha'rt neuer without moueables.

Pri. I praise my Starres; ah the goodly virginities that haue beene cut vp in my house, and the goodly patrimonies that haue laine like sops in the grauie, and when those sops were eaten, yet the meate was kept whole for another, and another, and another, for as in one pie twenty may dip their sippits, so vpon one woman forty may consume their patrimonies.

Fri. Excellent, master *Primero?*

Pri. Wel, ile pray for women while I liue, the're the profitablest fooles, ile say that for em, a mā can keepe about his house the pretiest kinde fowle, so tame, so gentle e en to strangers,
So soone familiar, suffer to be toucht, (hands,
Of those they nere saw twice: the Doues not like em.

Fri. Most certaine, for thats honest; but I haue a suite to you?

Pri. And so haue I to you.

Fri. That happens well,
Grant mine and ile grant yours?

Pri. A match.

Fri. Make me perfect in that tricke that got you so much at *Primero.*

Pri. Oh for the thred tied at your partners leg: the twich?

Fri. I that twich and you calt so.

Pri. That secret twich got me fiue hundred pound,
Ere twas first knowne, and since I ha sold it well
Fiue hundred pound laide downe shall not yet buy,

The

The fee simple of my twitch I would be here with't,
Twas a blest inuention, I had bene a beggar many alowsie yeare
But for my twitch. It was the prettiest twitch?
Many ouer-cheated gulls, haue fatted
Mee with the bottome of their patrimonies
Ee'n to the last Sope, gapte while I fed em;
who now liue by that Art that first vndid e'm.
But I must sweare you to be secret, close,

Frip. As a maid, at Ten, (h'a beleeu'd you.

Pri. Had you sworne but two yeares higher I would here

Frip. Nay I let twelue alone,
For after twelue has struck, mades looke for one.

Pri. I looke for one too and a maide I thinke.

Frip. What, to come hether?

Pri. Sure she followes me? a pretie fat eyde wench, with a *Venus* in her cheeke, did but *Rayment* smile vpon her, she were *Nectar* for great *Dons*, boy and thats my suite to thee.

Fri. And thats granted already: of what volume is this booke, that I may fit a couer too't?

Pri. Faith neither in folio, nor in *Decimo sexto*, but in Octauo betweene both, a prety middle sizde trug.

Fri. Then I haue fitted her already: in my eye ifaith: here came a pawne in e'en now will make shift to serue her as fit, looke you sir Gallants, Sattin, Taffety, Beuer, fall and all.

Pri. Is it new.

Fri. New? you see it beares her youth as freshly,----

Pri. A prety suite of cloathes ifaith; ----- but put case the party should come to redeeme em of a suddaine?

Fri. Puh then your wits sickly, haue not I the policy thinke you to seeme extreame busie and defer em til the morrow, against which time that pawne shall bee secretly fetcht home, and another carried out to supply the place.

Pri. I like thy craft well there.

Fri. A generall course, oh *Frippery* is an vnknowne benefit sir Gallant!

Pri. And what must I giue you for the hire now ifaith,

Fri.

Fri. Of the whole ſuite, for the month?

Pri. I for the month.

Fri. Gó to, you ſhall giue me but twelue pence a day, Maiſter *Primero* your a friend, and Ile vſe you ſo, tis got vp at your houſe in an after-noone ifaith, the hire of the whole month, yea muſt thinke I can diſtinguiſh ſpirits and put a difference betweene you and others: you pay no more ifaith.

Pri. I could haue offred you no leſſe, my ſelfe.

Fri Tut, a man muſt vſe a friend, as a friend may vſe him; your houſe has beene a ſweete houſe to mee, both for pleaſure and profit: ile giue you your due, *omne tulit punctum*, you haue alwaies kept fine puncks in your houſe, thats for pleaſure, *qui miſcuit vtile dulci*, and I haue had ſweete pawnes from em, thats for profit now?

Pri. You flatter, you flatter ſir Gallant? but whiſt, here ſhee enters; I prethe queſtion her? oh y'are welcome.

Fri. Is this your new ſcholler Maiſter *Primero*?

Pri. Marry is ſhe ſir.

Fri. Ile commend your iudgement in a wench while I liue, that face will get money ifaith, twill bee a get peny I warrant you? go to? your fortune was choice prety Bliſſe to fall into the regard of ſo kinde a Gentleman.

Nouice. I hope ſo ſir.

Fri. See, what his care has prouided already for you, youle be ſimply ſet out to the world: if you'l haue that care now to deſerue his paines oh that wil be acceptable: and theſe be the Rudiments you muſt chiefly point at: to counterfit cunningly, to winde in gentlemen with pouresull attraction, to keepe his houſe in name and cuſtome, to diſſemble with your owne brother, neuer to betray your fellowes imperfections, nor lay open the ſtate of their bodies to ſtrangers, to beleeue thoſe that giue you, to gul thoſe that beleeue you, to laugh at all vnder Taffety, and theſe be your rudiments.

Pri. Ther's e'en al ifaith, weele trouble you with no more, nay you ſhal liue at eaſe inough: for nimming away iewells and fauours from Gentlemen (which are your chiefe vailes) hope that

will

wil come natural'y inough to you, I need not instruct you, you'l haue that wit, I trust to make the most of your pleasure.

Nou. I hope ones mother-wit will serue for that sir.

Fri Oh prepriest of all wenches it must bee a shee wit that does those things, & thy mother was quick inough at it in her daies.

Frip. Giue me leaue sister to examine you vpon 2. or 3. particulers: and you make you ready be not ashamd, hers none but friends—are you a maide. *Nou.* Yes, in the last quarter sir.

Frip. Very proper, thats e'en going out, a maide in the last quarter, thats a whore in the first;—let me see, new moone on Thursday, sheele be chaunde by that time too; are you willing to pleasure gentlemen?

Nou. We are all borne to pleasure our country forsooth.

Frip. Excelient, can you carry your selfe cunningly, and seeme often holy.

Nou. Oh feare not that sir, my friends were all puritanes.

Frip. Ile nere try her further.

Pri She's done well ifaith, I feare not now to turne her loose to any gentleman in Europe.

Frip. You need not sir of her owne accord, I thinke she'l bee loose inough without turning—*Arthur.* *Art.* Here sir.

Frip Go make nast, shift her into that suite presently.

1. It shall be done. *Pri.* *Arthur* do't neately *Arthur*?

1. Fear't not sir.

Pri Follow him wench.

Nou. With all my heart sir— *Ar.* But maister
In whatare we forgetfull al this while?

Frip. In what? *Pri.* The wooing businesse man.

Fri. Heart thats true. *Pri.* The Gallants will preuent vs.

Fri. Are you certaine.

Pri. I can avouch it ther's a general meeting, at the deceasde knights house this afternoone theres riualship inough.

Fri. No doubt in that?
Would either thou or I might beare her from em.

Pri. My hopes are not yet faint. *Fri.* Nor mine.

Pri. Tut man? nothing in womens hearts sooner win place, then a braue out side and an impudent face?

Fri. And for both thoſe weele fit it.

Pri. I if the deuill bee not int, make haſt: *Exit Prime.*

Fri. I follow ſtraight, vaniſh thou Fog, and Sincke beneath our (brightneſſe,
Abaſhed at the ſplendar of ſuch beames:
We ſcorne thee, baſſe eclipſer of our glories,
That wouldſt haue hid our ſhine from mortalls eies,
Now Gallants, I am for you, I and perhaps before you
You can appearce but glorious from your ſelues,
And haue your beames but drawne from your owne light,
But mine from many, many make me bright.
Heres a dimond that ſometimes graceſt the finger of a counteſſe, here ſits a Ruby that neere lines bluſhing for the Party that pawnde it: here a Saphire, O prouidence and fortune! my beginning was ſo poore, I would faine forget it, and I take the only courſe, for I ſcorne to thinke ont. Slaue to a trencher: obſeruer of a ſaltſeller, priuy to nothing, but a cloſe-ſtoole, or ſuch vnſauory ſecret: but as I ſtriue to forget the daies of my ſeruing, ſo I ſhall once remember the firſt ſtep of my rayſing, for hauing hardly rakte fiue marke together, I reioyſt ſo in that ſmall ſtock, which moſt prouidently I venturde by water to Blackwall, among fiſhwiues, and in ſmall time, what by weekely returne, and gaineſull reſtitution it rize to a great body, beſide a diſh of fiſh for a preſent, that ſtately preſerude mee a ſeauen-night: nor ceaſt it there but drew on greater profit, for I was held religious by thoſe that do profeſſe like abſtinence, and was ſul often ſecretly ſupplied, by charitable Catholickes, Who cenſurd me ſincerely abſtinate, when merely I for hunger nor for zeale, eate vp the fiſh, & put their almes to vſe! ha, ha ha, but thoſe times are runne out, and for my ſake, zealous diſſemblance has ſince far'd the worſe; ---let mee ſee now, whoſe cloake ſhall I weare to day to continue change,
Oh---*Arthur.* 1. Here ſir.

Frip Bring downe ſir *Oliuer Needies* Taffety cloake. & Beuer hat, I am ſure he is faſt inough? & *Andrew Lucifers* Rapier and dagger, in the knights ward, with the embroſt girdle and hangers, for he's in his third ſweat by this time, ſipping of the doctors bottle, or picking the ninth part of a Rack of mutton drie roaſted

roasted, with a leash of night-caps on his head like the popes triple crowne, and as many pillowes crusht to his back, with oh the needles, for he got the pox of a Semster, and it prickt so much more naturally,—quick *Arthur* quick, now,
To the deceast knights daughter
Whome many Gallants sue to, I mongst many: for
Since impudence gaines more respect then vertue,
And coine them bloud which few can now deny,
who're your chiefe Gallants, then but such as I. *Exit.*

Enter Misters Katherine with Fitsgraue a Gentleman.

Fitsg. You do your Beauties iniury, sweete virgin,
To loose the time they must reioyce in youth:
Theres no perfection in a woman placed
But waits it selfe tho it be neuer wasted,
Then iudge your wrongs your selfe.

Kath. Good Master *Fitsgraue?*
Through sorrow for the knight my fathers death,
(Whose being was the perfections of myioye:
And crowne of my desires,) I cannot yet,
But forcedly, on marriage fixe my heart,
Yet heauen forbid I should deiect your hopes
Conceiue not of me so vncharitably,
I should belie my soule if I should say,
You are the man I neuer should affect:
I vnderstand you thus far, you're a Gentleman
Whom your estate and vertues may command
To a farre worthier brest, then this of mine,

Fitsg. O cease, I dare not heare such blasphemy,
What is without you worthie, I neglect,
In you is placst the worth that I respect:
Vouchsafe vnequalld Virgin whereon I iustly kept,
Accept this worthlesse fauor from your seruants arme, the hal-
The true and perfect number of my sighs. (lowed beades,

Kat. Mine cannot equall yours, yet in exchange, accept and

Fitsg. Euen as my ile rate it? (weare it for my sake.

Golds. Heart? *Fitsgraue* in such bosome single-loues?

Enter fiue Gallants at the farther dore.

Purſu. So cloſe, and priuate with her?
Taylb. Obſerue hem, he growes proud and bould?
Frip. Why was not this a generall meeting?
Prim. By her owne conſent, Death how I could taſte his bloud?
Kath. See, the gentlemen, at my requeſt do all preſent them-ſelues?
Goldſt. Manifold bliſſes waite on her deſier,
whoſe beauty and whoſe minde ſo many honour?
Kath. I take your wiſhes thankfully?—kinde gentlemen!
all here aſſembled, ouer whoſe long ſuites,
I neare inſulted,
Nor like that common ſicknes of our ſexe,
Grew proud in the aboundance of my ſuiters,
Or number of the dayes they ſu'd vnto me.
Dutifull ſorrow for my fathers death,
Not willfull coyneſſe hath my howers detaind
So long in ſilence:
Im'e left to mine owne choyce, ſo much the more
My care calls on me If I erre through loue,
Tis I muſt chide my ſelfe, I cannot ſhift
The fault vnto my parents, they're at reſt,
And I ſhall ſooner erre through loue, then wealth.
Goldſt. Good.
Purſu. Excellent.
Taylb. That likes me well?
Prim. Hope ſtill.
Kath. And my affections do pronounce you all.
Worthy their pure and moſt intire deſerts,
Yet they can chooſe but one,
Nor doe I diſwade any of his hopes,
(Becauſe my heart is not yet throughly fixt,
On marriage, or the man,)
But craue the quiet reſpite of one moneth,
The moneth vnto this night, againſt which time,
I doe inuite you all to that election,

Which

Which on my vnstained faith, and Virgin promise,
Shall light amongst no strangers, but your selues:
May this content you?
All. Glad, and content.
Kath 'Tis a good time to leaue,
Till then, commend vs to your gentlest thoughts. *Exit.*
They looke scurvily vpon Fitsgraue, *and he vpon them.*
All. Inough. *The boy in a corner, with his*
Fits. Ough. *master pocket-Gallant.*
Boy Hist, maister Hist.
Purs. Boye? how now?
Boy. Looke you sir.
Purs. Her Chaine of Pearle. *Boy.* I sneckt it away finely.
Purs. Actiue boy, thy maisters best reuenew, his life & soule
Thou keepst 'em both together? whip, away,
Fall back, fall belly, I must be maintaind,
Hope is no purchase, nor care I if I misse her, why I ranck
In this desiegne with gallants, there's full cause
Policie enuites me to it, 'tis not for loue, or for her sake alone:
It keepes my state suspectlesse and vnknowne. *Exit.*
Fitsg. Their lookes run through, & through me, & the stings
Of their Snake-hissing whispers pierst my hearing:
They're mad she grac'd me with one priuate minute,
Aboue their fortunes, I haue obseru'd em often,
Most spightfully aspected toward my happinesse,
Beyond all others: but the cause I know not,
A quiet moneth the Virgin has enclosde
Vnto her selfe: suiters stand without till then,
In which space cunningly Ile winde my selfe,
Into their Bosomes, I haue be-thought the shape,
Some credulous Scholler, easily infected
With fashion, time, and humor, vnto such
Their deepest thoughts, will like to wanton fishes,
Play aboue water, and be all parts seene:
For since at me their enuie pines ile see
Whether their liues from touch of blame sit free. *Exit.*

ACTVS. 2.

Enter Primero, *the Bawde-Gallant, meeting Mistresse* New-cut *a Marchants wife.*

Pri. Mistresse *New-cut*, welcome, here will bee choyse of Gallants for you anon.

New. Is all cleare, may I venture? am I not seene of the wicked?

Pri. Strange absurdity, that you should come into my house and aske if you be not seene of the wicked, push, I take vnkindly i faith, what thinke you of my house, 'tis no such common receptacle.

New. Forgiue me sweete maister *Primero*, I can bee content to haue my pleasure as much as another, but I must haue a care of my credit, I would not bee seene; any thing else; my husbands at Sea, and a woman shall haue an ill report in this world let her carry her selfe neuer so secretly: you know't maister *Primero*: and what choise of Gallants bee they? will they bee proper Gentlemen thinke you?

Pri. Nay sure they are as proper as they will be already.

New. I must haue choise you know, I come for no gaine, but for sheere pleasure and affection.

Pri. You see your old spy-hole yonder, take your stand, please your owne eye, Ile worke it so, the Gallants shall present themselues before you and in the most conspicuous fashion.

New. That's all I can desire---till better come? looke you.

Pri. What meane you Lady?

New. A trifle sir, to buy you siluer Spurs: good sir accept it.

Pri. Siluer Spurs, a pritty embleme, marke it, all her gifts are about riding still; the other day shee sent mee Boote-hose wrought in silke and golde, now siluer spurres; well, goe thy wayes, thou'rt as profitable a spirit as ere lighted into my house; come Ladies come, 'tis late, to Musick, when?

Curt. Y'are best command vs: sir, our pimp's growne proud.

Pri.

Pri. To fooles, and ſtrangers theſe are Gentlewomen
of ſort, and worſhip: Knights heires, great in portions,
Boorded here for their Muſicke,
And often times 'tas beene ſo cuningly carried,
That I haue had two ſtolne away at once,
And married at Sauoy and prou'd honeſt ſhop-keepers;
And I may ſafely ſweare they practiſ'd Muſicke:
Their naturall at prick-ſong, a ſmall miſt
Will dazle a fooles eye, and thats the world,
So I can thump my hand vpon the table,
With an Auſtere grace and cry 1 2 and 3,
Fret, ſtamp and curſſe, ſoh twill paſſe well for me?
How now ſirrah?

Boy. They'r comming in ſir, & ſtrangers in their company,

Pri. Tune apace Ladies, be ready for the Song ſirrah?

Goldſt. Nay I beſeech you gallants be more inward with this,

Purſn. Gentleman his parts deſerue it, *Enter, All*
Whence comes he ſir?

Goldſt. Piping hotte from the Vniuerſity, hee ſmells of buttered loaues yet, an excellent ſcholler, but the arranteſt Aſſe, for this our Soliciter, hee's a rare fellow fiue and fortie myle hence, beleeue that: his friends are of the olde faſhion, all in their graues, and now has hee the leyſure to follow all new faſhions, plye the Brothels, Practiſe ſalutes and Cringes.

Purſn. Oh!

Goldſt. Now deere acquaintance,
Ile bring you to ſee faſhions.

Fitſ. What houſe is this ſir?

Goldſt. Oh of great name here Muſick is profeſt,
Here ſome-times Ladies practiſe, and the meaneſt,
Daughters to men of worſhip,
Whom Gentlemen, ſuch as our ſelues may viſit,
Court, clip and exerciſe our wits vpon,
It is a profeſt curteſie.

Fitſg. A pretty recreation yfaith,

Goldſt.

Goldst. I seldome saw so few here, you shall haue 'em sometimes in euery corner of the house, with their Violls betwixt their legs, and play the sweetest stroaks twould een filch your soule almost out of your bosome.

First. Pax on't we spoile our selues for want of these things at Vniuersity?

Goldst. You haue no such natural happines, let's draw neere,

Pri. Gentlemen you are all most respectiuely welcome:

Goldst. We are bold and insatiate Suiters sir to the breath of your musicke, & the deere sight of those Ladies.

Pri. And what our poore skill can inuite you to,
You are kindly welcome: you must pardon 'em Gentlemen,
Virgins and bashfull, besides new beginners,
Tis not a whole moneth since they were first entred.

Goldst. Seauen yeare in my knowledg.

Pri. They blush at their very lessons, they will not indure,
To heare of a Stop, a Pricke, or a Semy-quauer,

1. Curti. O out vpon you:

Pri La I tell you, youle beare me witnes Gentlemen,
If their complaints come to their parents eares,
Their words of Art, I teach 'em nought but Art.

Goldst. Why tis most certaine.

Bung. For all Schollers know, that *Musica est Ars.*

All. O beastly word?

Pri. Looke to the Ladies, Gentlemen;

Goldst. Kisse agen?

Pursn. Come an other?

Taylb. this a good *Interim*?

Pri. what haue you done sir?

Bung. why? what haue I done,

Pri. Saw you their stomacks queasie, and come with such grosse meate?

Bung. Why ist not latin sir,

Pri. Latin? why then let the next too't be lattin too:

Pursn. So ynough?

Goldst Nay I can assure you thus farre, I thar neuer knew the language

language ha e heard so much that *Ars*, is lattin for Art, and it' may wel be too, for ther's more art int now a daies thē euer was:

Pri. ift possible? I am sorry then I haue follow'd it so farr.

1. *Curti* A Scholler call you him,

Pri. Musicke must not iarre; the offence is satisfied, come to the Song, begin sir. *The Song, and hee keepes time, showes seuerall humors and moods: the boy in his pocket nims away* Fitsgraues *Iewell here*, and exit.

Eung. Not a whole moneth since you were entred Ladi es?

Fitsg. None that shall see their cunning will beleeue it,

Pri. It is no affliction Gentlemen?

Eung. I care not much yfaith, if I write downe to my father presently, to send vp my sister in all haste, that I may place her here at this Musicke schoole.

Newc. Slid tis the foole my cousin, I would not for the value of three recreations he had seene me here?

Pri. How like you your new prize; (her

Frip. Pray giue me leaue, I haue not yet sufficiently admir d

Pri. My wits must not stand idle, Slife hee's in a sicke trance?

Goldst. A cheat or two among these mistresses,
Would not be ill bestow'd, I affect none,
But for my pray such are their affections,
I know it, how could drabs and cheaters liue else,
Then since the world rowles on dissimulation,
Ile be the first dissembler.

1. *Cur.* Prethy loue, comfort, choice, my onely wish. in thee
I am confinde, deny me any thing a slight chaine of pearle,

Purse. Nay an't be but slight——

Cur. Being denied,
I prize it slight; but giuen mee by my loue,
Light shall not be so deere vnto my eye;
Mine eye vnto the body as the gift,

Purse. How haue I power to deny this to you,
That commandall my fortunes are thy seruants,

And thou the Mistresse both of them and me.
1 *Curt.* The truest that ere breathd.
Goldst. To a Gentleman,
That thus so long and has so sincerely lou'de you,
As I my selfe, nere was lesse pitty showne.
2. *Curt.* Why I neuer was held cruell.
Goldst But to me. 2. *Curt.* Nor to you.
Goldst. Go too, 'tas scarde you much,
2. *Curt.* I'me sorry your conceit is so vnkinde,
To thinke me so.
Goldst. When had I other argument,
I'ue often tendred you my loue and seruice,
And that in no meane fashion:
Yet were you nere that requitefull Mistresse,
That grac'ft me with one fauour,
Slight, not so much as such a prety ring, pax on't,
T'as almost broke my heart.
2. *Curt.* Has tooke it off, Sfoot maister *Bouser*,
Goldst. Nay where a man loues most, there to be scanted;
2. *Curt*, My Ring, come, come.
Goldst. What reckon I a Sattin gowne or two,
If she were wise.
2, *Curt.* Life my Ring sir, come.
Goldst. Haue you the face yfaith.
2. *Curt.* Giue me my Ring.
Goldst. Prethee hence, by this light you get none on't.
2. *Curt.* How?
Goldst. I hold your fauours of more pure esteeme,
Then to part from 'em, faith I doe,
How ere you thinke of me.
2. *Curt.* Push, pray sir,
Gold. Harke you, go too, you haue lost much by vnkindnesse, goe your wayes. 2. *Curt.* Sfoot.
Gold. But yet there's no time past, you may redeeme it.
2 *Curt.* Come, I cannot misse it ifaith; beside the Gentleman that bestowde it on me, swore to me it cost him twenty nobles.

Goldst.

Goldst. Twenty nobles pox of twenty nobles,
But you must cost me more, you pritty villaine,
Ah you little rogue.

2. *Curt.* Come, come, I know y'are but in iest,

Gold. In iest no you shall see.

2. *Curt.* No way will get it.
As good giue it him now, and hope for some-what.

Gold. I rue loue made iest.

2. *Curt.* I did but trye thy faith, how fast thou'dst hold it,
Now I see a woman may venture worthy fauours to thy trust,
and haue 'em truly kept, and I protest, had I drawn't from thee,
I should nere ha lou'de thee, I know that.

Gold. Sfoote I was nere so wrongd in my life,
Thinke you I am in iest with you; what with my loue?
I could finde lighter subiects you shall see,
And time will shew, how much you iniure me.

2. *Curt.* The Ring wer't thrice worth I freely giue,
For I know you will requite it.

Gold. Will I liue. 2. *Curt.* Ynough.

Gold. Why this was well come off now,
Wheres my old Seruingman? not yet returnde,
Oh heere he peepes: now sirrah?

1. May it please your worship---they're done artificially y-
Gold. Both the great Beakers. (faith boy.

1 Both Lad.

Gold. Iust the same size.

1. I and the markes as iust.

Gold. So fall off respectiuely now.

1. My Lord desires your worship of all loue.

Gold. His Lordship must hold me excusd till morning,
Ile not breake company to night,
Where sup wee Gallants?

Purs. At Mar-maide.

Gold. Sup there who list, I haue forsworne the house.

1. *Seruing.* For the truth is this plot must take effect
At Miter.

Goold. Faith Ime indifferent.

Bung. So are we Gentlemen.

Purſu. Name the place maiſter *Goldſtone.*

Goldſt. Why the Miter in my minde,
For neate attendance, diligent boyes and, puſh, excels it faire.

All. Agreed, the Miter then: Boye, ſome goodneſſe toward,
the Boyes whipt away.

Fitſg. The Iewell, heart, the Iewell.

Goldſt. How now ſir? what mou'de you?

Fitſg. Nothing ſir, a ſpice of poetrie, a kinde a furie,
A diſeaſe runs among Schollers.

Goldſt. Maſſe it made you ſtampe. (noyſe,

Fitſg. Whoo, till make ſome ſtampe and ſtare, make a ſtrange
Curſe, ſweare, beate Tire-men, and kick players boyes,
The effects are very fearfull.

Purſu. Bleſſe me from't.

Fitſg. Oh you need not feare it ſir--hell of this luck.

Goldſt. Harke, hee's at it againe.

Pur. Some pageant plot, or ſome deuice for the Tilt-yeard:
Diſturbe him not.

Fitſg. How can I gaine her loue, when I haue loſt her fauour.

Goldſt. What money haſt about thee?

Purſ. Looke you ſir, I muſt be faine to pawne a faire Stone
here, for ordinary expences: a pox of my tennants, I giue 'em
twenty dayes after the quarter, and they cut out forty.

Frip. Why you might take the forfeiture of their leaſes then.

Gold I know I might, but whats their courſe? the roagues
comes me vp all together, with Geeſe and Capons, and petitions in pigs ſnoutes, which would moue any man yfaith, were
his ſtomack nere ſo great, and to ſee how pittifully the pullen
will looke, it makes me after relent, and turne my anger into a
quick fire to roaſt 'em ---nay toucht and ſpare it not.

Frip. Tis right, well, what do's your worſhip borrow of this
Goldſt. Ime Stone's twenty nobles. (ſir?

Frip. Nay hardly.

Gold. As I am a right Gentleman.

Frip.

Frip. It comes neere it indeed: well here's fiue pound in gold vpon't.

Gold. Twill ſerue, and the Ring ſafe and ſecret,

Frip. As a Virgins.

Gold. I wiſh no hyer: what Gallants are you conſtant, Does the place hold? *All.* The Miter.

Goldſt. Sir, in regard of our continued boldneſſe, & trouble, (which loue to your Muſick hath made vs guilty of) ſhal we intreate your worſhips company, with theſe ſweete Ladies, your profeſt Schollers, to take part of a poore Supper with my ſelfe and theſe Gentlemen at the Miter.

Frip. Pray maiſter *Primero.*

Purſn. I beſeech you ſir let it be ſo.

Pri. Oh pardon me ſweet Gentlemen, the worlds apt to cenſure, I haue the charge of them, they'r left in truſt, they'r Virgins, and I dare not hazard their fames, the leaſt touch mars 'em, and what would their right worſhipfull parents thinke, if the report ſhould flie to them, that they were ſeene with Gentlemen in a Tauerne.

Gold All this may be preuented, what ſerues your coach for, They may come coacht and maskt.

Pri. You put me too't ſir,
Yet I muſt ſay agen, I feare the Drawers,
And Vintners boyes will be familier with them,
And thinke 'em Miſtreſſes.

Purſn. There are thoſe places where reſpect ſeemes ſlighter, More cenſure is belonging to the Miter, you know that ſir?

Pri. Gentlemē you preuaile. *Gol.* Weel all expect you there.

Pri. And weele not faile.

Frip. The diuil wil nere diſſemble with them ſo, as you for thē.

Gold. Come ſir. *Frip.* What elſe, lets go, *Exeunt.*

Enter whore-Gallant. *Pri.* How cheere you ſir?

Taylb. Faith like the Moone, more bright,
Decreaſt in body, but re-made in light,
Here thou ſhalt ſhare ſome of my brightneſſe with me.

Pri. By my faith they are comfortable beames ſir.

1. *Cur.* Come, where haue you ſpent the time now from my ſight,

Ime iealious of thy action.
Taylb. Push I did but walke, a turne or two in the garden.
1.*Curt.* What made you there?
Taylb. Nothing but cropt a flower.
1.*Cur.* Some womans honor I beleeue.
Taylb. Foh, is this a womans honor.
1.*Curt.* Much about one?
When both are pluckt their sweetnesse is soone gon.
Taylb. Prethe be true to me. 1.*Cur.* When did I faile.
Taylb. Yet I am euer doubtfull, that your sinne.
1.*Cur.* I do account the world but as my spoi'e, to adorne (thee,
My loue is artificiall to all others,
But purity to thee,---dost thou want gold?
Here take this chaine of pearle, supply thy selfe,
Be thou but constant, firme and iust to mee.
Rich heires shall want, ere want come neere to thee.
Taylb. Vpon thy lip I seale sincerity. *Exit.*
2.*Cur.* Was this your vowe to mee?
Taylb. Pox, whats a kisse to be quite rid of her, shee's sued so long I was ashamde of her, twas but her cheeke I kist neither, to saue her longing. 2.*Cur.* Tis not a kisse I weigh.
Taylb Had you weighed this,
T'ad lackt aboue fiue ounces of a true one:
No kisse that ere weighed lighter.
2.*Cur.* Tis thy loue that I suspect.
Taylb. My loue, why by this,---what shall I sweare by?
2.*Cur.* Sweare by this iewell, keepe thy oth, keepe that.
Tayl. By this iewell then, no creature can bee perfect in my loue, but thy deere selfe. 2.*Cur.* I rest.
Tayl. Ha, ha, ha, lets laugh at em sweete soule. (your oths,
Now. I, they may laugh at me, I was a nouice, and beleiude
Taylb. Why what do you thinke of me, make I no difference,
Turne seauen yeares prostitution, and seauen daies,
Why you're but in the waine of a maide yet:
You wronge my health in thinking I loue them,
Do not I know their populous imperfections.

Why

Why they cannot liue till Easter, let em shew
The faireſt side to'th world like hundreds more, whoſe clothes
E'en stand vpright in siluer, when their bodie,
Are ready to drop through em, such there be,
They may deceiue the world, they nere shall mee.
Now Forgiue my doubts, and for some satisfaction were this
From which I vowde nere but to the, to part. (ring,
Tayl. With which thou euer bindst me to thy heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter Fitsgraue.

Fitsg. My pocket pickt, this was no bro.he'-house,
A musick schoole; damnation has fine shapes,
I paide inough for'th song, I haue loſt a iewell
To me more pretious then their soules to them,
That gaue consent to filch it, i'e hunt hard:
Waſt time and money, trace and wheele about,
But I wil find theſe secret miſchiefes out-how now, whats he:
Oh a seruant to my loue, being thus disguizde,
Ile learne some newes, now sir; you belong to me.

1. I Do sir, but I cannot stay to say, so, nay good sir detaine me not I am going in al haſt to enquire or lay waite for a chain of pearle nimd out of her pocket the fift of Nouember, a dismall day. *Fitsg.* Ha a chaine of pearle saiſt thou.

1. A chaine of pearle sir, which one Maiſter *Fitsgraue* a gentleman and a suiter faſtned vpon her as a pleadge of his loue.

Fitsg. Ha? 1. Vrge me no more I haue no more to say,
Your friend *Ieronimo Bedlam.* *Exit.*

Fitsg. Thou'rt a mad fellow indeed, some comfort yet,
Thats hers is miſſing too, I feele my soule as much more ease:
both stolne.
When griefes haue partners they are better borne. *Exit.*

Tayl. Oh the parting of vs twaine, *Enter Whore Gal.*
Hath cauſde me mickle paine, and I shall nere be married,
Vntill I see my muggle againe.

New. Hiſt? *Pri.* Ha.

New. The nimble gentleman, in the cleſtiall stockins.

Pri. Has the beſt smock fortune, to be belou'd of women?
Valle loo lo lille lo lilo, vallee loo lee lo lillo.

Tayl.

Tayl'b. Vallee loo lo lillee lilo, Vallee loo le lo lil'o.

New. Ah sweete gentleman, he keepes it vp stately.

Pri. Well held ifaith sir---masse and now I remember too, I thinke you nere saw my little banquiting box aboue, since I alterd it. *Taylb.* Why haue you alterd that?

Pri. Oh diuinely sir: the pictuers are all new run ouer againe.

Taylb. Fie.

Pri. For what had the painter done thinke you, drew mee, *Venus* naked, which is the grace of a mans Roome you know, & when he had done, drew a number of Oken-leaues before her, had not lawne beene a hundred times softer, made a better shew, and beene more gentlewoman like?

Taylb. More ladie-like, a great deale.

Pri. Come, you shall see how tis alterd now? I do not thinke but you'le like her. *Exit.*

Pri. Where be your liueries? *Enter all at once.*

1. They attend without.

Pri. Go, call the Coach! Gentlemen, you haue exceld in kindnesse as we in bouldnesse. *Taylb.* So you thinke amisse sir?

Go. Kind Ladies we commit you to sweete dreames,
Our selues vnto the fortune of the dice, dice ho?

1. *Cur.* You rest firme mine. *Taylb.* E'en al my soule to thee.
2. *Cur.* You keepe your vowes. *Tayl.* Why do I breathe, or see?

Nou. Is your loue constant.

Tayl. I to none but thee: now gon, I, now I loue nor them nor thee, slife, I should be cloide, should I loue one in three.

Purs. Oh heres maister *Bowser* now.

Fitsg. Saue you sweete Gentlemen.

Taylb. Sweete maister *Bowser*? welcome?

Purs. When come these dice. (*Within* Anon, anon sir)

Purs. Yet anon, anon sir.

Go. Hast thou showne art in em.

1. You shall be iudge sir, here be the Tauerne Beakers,
And here peepe out the fine Alchimy knaues, looking like, wel sir, most of our Gallants, that seeme what they are not.

Go. Peace villaine, am not I in presence,

1. Why

1. Why that puts me in minde of the ieſt ſir.

Goldſt. Agen, you quarter her.

1. Nay, compaſe 'em, and ſpare 'em not.

Gold. The bigneſſe of the bore, iuſt the ſame ſize,
The markes, no difference: away, put money in thy pocket, and offer to draw in vpon the leaſt occaſion.

1. I am no babe ſir. *Gold.* Hiſt.

1. Whats the matter now?

Gold Giue me a paire of falſe Dice, ere you goe.

1 Pax on't, you're ſo troubleſome too, you cannot remember a thing before, if I ſtay a little longer, I ſhall be ſtaid anon.

Vint. Here be Dice for your worſhips.

Purſn. Oh come, come.

Gold. The Vintner himſelfe,
Ile ſhift away theſe beakers by a ſlight.

Vint. Maiſter *Goldſtone*?

Gold. How now you coniuring raskall?

Vint. Bleſſe your good worſhip, you're in humors me thinks.

Gold. Humors: ſay that agen.

Vint I ſaid no ſuch word ſir,—would I had my beakers out (on's fingers.

Gold. Whats thy name Vintner?

Vint. Iack and pleaſe your worſhip.

Gol. Turne Knight like thy companions, ſcoundrell, liue vpō vſury, weare thy gilt ſpurs at thy girdle for feare of ſlubbering.

Vint. O no, I hope I ſhall haue more grace then ſo ſir:
Pray let me helpe your worſhip.

Gold. Cannot I puſh 'em together without your helpe?

Vint. O I beſeech your worſhip, they're the two ſtandards of (my houſe.

Gold. Standards, there lie your Standards.

Vint. Good your worſhip; I am glad they are out of his fingers, my wife ſhall lock 'em vp preſently, they ſhall ſee no ſunne this twelue-months day for this trick.

Gold. Let me come to the ſight of your Standards agen.

Vint. Your worſhip ſhall pardon mee, now you ſhall not ſee em in haſt I warrant yee. *Gold.* I do not deſire't; ha, ha.

Bow. Why maiſter *Goldſtone*?

Gold. I am for you Gallants.—Maiſter *Bouncer* cry you mercy ſir, why ſupt you from vs?

Bou. Faith ſir, I met with a couple of my fellow pupils at Vniuerſitie, & ſo we renew'd our acquaintance & ſupt together.

Gold. Fie, thats none of the neweſt faſhion, I muſt tell you that maiſter *Bouncer*, you muſt neuer take acquaintance of any ath' Vniuerſity, when you are at London, nor any of London when you're at Vniuerſity you muſt be more forgetfull yfaith, euery place miniſters his acquaintance aboundantly.

Bun. He tels you true ſir.

Gold. I warrant you here's a Gentleman will here commit (ſuch an abſurdity.

Bun. Who I, no, 'tis well knowne, if I be diſpoſde, Ile forget any man in a ſeauen-night, and yet looke him in the face: nay let him ride but ten mile from mee, and come home againe, it ſhall be at my choiſe whether Ile remember him or no, I haue

Gold. This is ſtrange ſir. (tryed that.

Bun. 'Tis as a man giues his minde too't ſir: and now you bring me in; I remember 'twas once my fortune to be coozned of all my clothes, and with my clothes my money; a poore Shepheard pitting me, tooke me in, and relieu'de me.

Gold. 'Twas kindly done of him ifaith,

Bun. Nay you ſhall ſee now, 'twas his fortune likewiſe not long after, to come to mee in much diſtreſſe ifaith, and with weeping eyes, and do you thinke I remembred him.

Gold. You could not chooſe.

Bun. By my troth not I, I forgot him quite, and neuer remembred him to this houre. *Gold.* And yet knew who he was.

Bun. As well as I know you ifaith—
'Tis a gift giu'n to ſome aboue others.

Gold. To fooles and knaues they neuer miſſe on't.

Bun. Do's any make ſuch a wonder at this; why alas tis nothing to forget others; what ſay you to thoſe that forget themſelues?

Gold. Nay then to Dice: come ſet me Gallants, ſet.

Frip I, fall too't Gentlemen. I ſhall heere ſome newes from ſome of you anon: I haue th'art to know which looſe and nere looke on; Ile bee ready with all the worſt money I can finde

about

about me, *Arthur*! *Art.* Here sir. *Fri.* Stand ready. *Ar.* Feare not me sir.

Gold. These are mine sir.

Frip. Here's a washt Angell, it shall away: Here's Mistresse Rose-noble has lost her maiden-head, crackt in the Ring, shee's good enough for gaimsters, and to passe from man to man: for gold presents at Dice your harlot, in one houre wone and lost thrice, euery man has a fling at her.

Tay. Agen pax of these dice *Bu.* Tis ill to curse the dead sir.

Purs Mew, where should I wish the pox, but among bones.

Fitsg. He tels you right sir.

Tayl. I nere haue any luck at these odde hands,
None here to make vs fixe—why Master *Frip.*

Frip. I am very well here I thanke you sir, I had rather be telling my money my selfe, then haue others count it for mee; tis the scuruiest musick in the world me thinkes, to heare my mony gingle in other mens pockets, I neuer had any mind toot ifaith.

Tay. Slud play six or play foure, Ile play no more.

Gold. Sfoot you see, there's none here to draw in.

1. Rather then you should be destitute gentlemen, ile play my ten pound, if my maisters worship will giue me leaue.

Purs. Come. *Tay.* He shall, he shall.

Gold. Pray excuse me Gentlemen: Sfoot how now goodmã Rascall, what: because you seru'd my Grand-father when hee went Ambassador, & got some ten pound by'th hand, has that put such spirit in you, to offer to draw in among Gentlemen of worship, knaue.

Tay. Pray sir, lets intreate so much for once.

Purs. 'Tis a vsuall grace ifaith sir,
Yo'ue many gentlemen will play with their men.

Bung. I and with their Maides to yfaith.

Purs. Good sir giue him leaue.

Gold. Yes, come, and you be weary on't, I pray draw nere sir.

1. Not so sir.

Tayl. Come foole, feare nothing, I warrant tee, h'as giuen thee leaue, stand here by me, come now, set round Gentlemen, set,

Pur. How the poore fellow shakes: throw lustily man.

5. At all gentlemen. *Tayl.* Well ſaid ifaith.

Purſn. The're all mine.

Taylb. By my troth I am glad the fellow has ſuch luck, 'twill encourage him well.

1. At my maiſters worſhip alone. *Go.* Now ſir ſlaue?

1. At my maiſters worſhip alone. *Go.* So, ſawcy raskall.

1. At my maiſters worſhip alone.

Go. You're a roague and will be euer be one?

1. By my troth Gentlemen at all agen for once.

Taylb. Take em to the. boy, take em to thee, thou'rt worthy of em ifaith.

Go. Gentlemen faith I am angry with you, goe and ſuborne my knaue againe me here; to make him proud & peremptory.

Taylb. Troth thats but your conceite ſir, the fellowes an honeſt fellow and knowes his duty, I dare ſweare for him.

Purſn. Heart, I am ſick already. *Go.* Whether goes Maiſter—

Purſn. Play on, ile take my turne ſir?—boye?

Boy. Maiſter.

Purſn. Piſt?—a ſupply, cary't cloſely my little fooker,---how much— *Boy.* Three pound ſir.

Purſn. Good boye,--take out another leſſon? how now gentlemen?

Taylb. Deuills int did you ere ſee ſuch a hand?

Purſn. I ſet you theſe three angells.

Boy. My maiſter may ſet hie?---for all his ſtakes are drawne out of other mens pockets.

1. As I ſaid gentlemen? *Purſn.* Dues Ace.

1. At all your right worſhipfull worſhips.

All. Death and vengance!

Go. Hell, darkeneſſe,

Taylb. Hold ſir. *Purſn.* Maiſter *Goldſtone.*

Gold. Hinder me not ſweete gentlemen----you raskall----I baniſh thee the boord. *Tayl.* Yfaith but you ſhall not ſir?

Go. Touch a Die and thou darſt, come you in with your lo*n*zie ten pound, you ſlaue among gentlemen of worſhippe, and win thirty at a hand.

Taylb. Why will you kick agen luck ſir?

Bung.

Bung. As long as the poore fellow ventures the losse of his owne money, who can be offended at his fortunes.

1. I haue a Maister here? many a Gentleman would bee glad to see his man come forward aha.

Pursn. Prey be perswaded sir:

Go. Slife, here's none cuts my throate in play but he. I haue obserude it, an vnluckly slaue tis.

Bung. Me thinkes his lucks good inough sir.

Go. Vpon condition Gentlemen that I may euer bar him frō the boord hereafter I am content to winck at him.

Pursn. Faith, vse your owne pleasure hereafter, has won our mony now! come to'th table sir your master's friends with you.

1. Pray Gentlemen.

Tayl. The fiends int I thinke, I left a faire chaine of pearle at my lodging too, like an asse and nere remembred it; that would ha bin a good pawn now, speake what do you lend vpon these Maister *Frip*? I care not much if you take my Beuer hat too, for I perceiue tis darke inough already, & it dos but troble me here. *Frip.* Very well sir why now I can lend you 3. pound (sir—

Taylb. Prethe do't quickly then?

Fri. There tis in six angels. *Tayl.* Very compendiously.

Frip. Here *Arthur*, runne away with these presently, ile enter em into'th shop-booke to morrow. Item one gilt hatcht rapier and dagger, with a faire imbrodered girdle, and hangers, with which came also a Beuer hat, with a correspondent band.

Tayl. Push, ifaith sir your to blame, you haue snibd the poore fellow too much, hee can scarce speake, hee cleaues his words with sobbing. 1. Haff haff, haff, haff at al Gentlemen.

Go. Ah roague, ile make you know your selfe.

1. At the fayrest. *Pursn.* Out ifaith—two Aces.

Go. I am glad of that, come pay me al these good-man cloake-

Pursn. Why are you the fayrest sir? (bag:

Go. You neede not doubt of that sir—— fiue. angells you Scoundrell.

Tie ath these Dice, not one hand to night, ——there they go Gentlemen at al ifaith.

Purſ. Pay all with 2. treas and a quater.

Taylb. Al curſes follow em, pay your ſelues withall, ile pawne my ſelfe to't, but ile ſee a hand to night, not once hold in? here Maiſter *Frip*, lend me your hand, quick, quick, So.

Frip. What do you borrow of this doublet now?

Taylb. Nere ſaw the world three daies.

Frip. Go too, in regard your a continuall cuſtomer, ile vſe you well, and pleaſure you with fiue angels vpon't.

Tayl. Let me not ſtand too long ith cold for them:

Bung. Had euer country gentleman ſuch fortune?
All ſwoopt away ide, neede repaire to'th Brokers,

Taylb. If you be in that minde ſir, there ſits a Gentleman will furniſh you vpon any pawne, as well as the publickſt broker of (em all:

Bung. Say you ſo ſir, there's comfort in that if faith.

Frip. Item, vpon his oringe tawny ſattin doublet, fiue angells,

Bung. But by your leaue ſir? next comes the breeches,—.

Frip. Oh I haue tongue fit for any thing---

Bung. Sauing your taile ſir? tis giuen me to vnderſtand that you are a Gentleman ith hundred, and deale in the premiſes aforeſaide.

Frip. Maiſter *Bungler*, Maiſter *Bungler*, y'are mightily miſtooke, I am content to do a gentleman a pleaſure for once, ſo his pawne be neate and ſufficient.

Bung. Why what ſay you to my Grandfathers ſeale ring (here

Frip. I marry ſir, this is ſomewhat like.

Bung. Nay view it well, an antient armes, I can tell you.

Frip. Whats this ſir?

Bung. The great codpeice with nothing int.

Frip. How?

Bung. The word about it, *parturiunt montes.*

Frip. Whats that I pray ſir?

Bun. You promiſe to mount vs.

Frip. And belike he was not ſo good as his word.

Bun. So it ſhould ſeeme by the Story, for ſo our names came to be *Bunglers.*

Frip. A lamentable hearing that ſo great a houſe ſhould ſhrink and fall to ruine.

Purſn. Two quaters and yet looſe it heart, boy? ——ifaith? what iſt? *Boy.* Fiue pound ſir.

Purſn. By my troth this boy goes forward well, yee ſhall ſee him come to his preferment ith' end!

Go. Why how now, whoſe that gentlemen, a barge-man?

Tayl. I neuer haue any luck Gallants, till my doublets off, Ime not halfe nimble inough, at this old ſinquanter driuel-beard:

Purſ. Your worſhip muſt pay me all theſe ſir?

Taylb. There, and feaſt the deuill with em.

Purſn. Hel grawe theſe dice.

Gol. What do you giue ouer Gallants.

Ful. Iſt not time.

Tayl. I proteſt, I haue but one angell left to guid me home to my lodging. *Gol.* How much thinkſt?

Fulk. Some foureſcore angells, ſir.

Go. Peace, weele ioyne powers anon, and ſee how ſtrong we are in the whole number, maſſe, yon guilt Goblet ſtands ſo full in mine eye, the whorſon tempts me, it comes like cheeſe after a great feaſt, to diſgeſt the reſt, he wil hardly ſcape mee ifaith I ſee that by him already; back for a parting blow now,—boy?

Vint. Anon anon ſir:

Go. Fetch a penneworth of ſoft wax to ſeale letters.

Vint. I will ſir?

Tayl. Nay had not I ſtrange caſting, thrice togither, 2. quaters and a dews.

Purſn. Why was not I as often haunted with two treas, and a

Vin. Ther's wax for your worſhip—anon, anon, ſir.

Go. Screene me a little you whorſon old croſſe biter.

Fu. Why whats the buſines? filchiton hob Goblet.

Purſn. And what has maiſter Bowſer loſt?

Bow. Faith not very deepely ſir, inough for a ſcholler, ſome halfe a ſcore royals.

Purſn. Sfoot I haue loſt as many with ſpurs at their heeles.

Gol. Come Gallants ſhall we ſtumble:

Tayl. Whats a clock.

Draw. Heres none ont Dick, the Goblets carried downe.

Go. Nay tis vpon the point of three, boy, Drawer, whats to be done ſirs?

Vint.

Vint. All's paid, and your worſhips are welcome. Onely there's a Goblet miſſing Gentlemen, and cannot bee found about houſe. *Gold* How a Goblet?

Purſn. What manner a one?

Vint. A guilt Goblet ſir, of an indifferent ſize.

Gold. Sfoote I ſaw ſuch a one lately.

Vint. It cannot be found now ſir.

Gold. Came there no ſtrangers here? *Vint.* No ſir.

Gold. This a meruelous matter, that a Goblet ſhould bee gone, and none but wee in the roome, the loſſe is meere all, heere as we are; keepe the doore Vintner.

Vint. No I beſeech your worſhip.

Gol. By my troth Vintner weele haue a priuy ſearch for this; What? we are not all one womans children.

Vint. I beſeech yee Gentlemen, haue not that conceit of me, that I ſuſpect your worſhips.

Gold. Tut, you are an Aſſe; do you know euery mans nature: There's a Broker ith' company.

Purſ. Slife you haue not ſtole the Goblet, boy, haue you?

Boy. Not I ſir.

Purſ. I was afraide,----tis a good cauſe ifaith, let each man ſearch his fellow, weele begin with you.

Tayl. I ſhall ſaue ſome body a labour Gentlemen, for Ime halfe ſearcht already,

Purſ. I thought the Goblet had hung heere ifaith----none heere, nor heere.

Gold. Seeke about flower, ---What was the Goblet worth *Vint.* Three pound ten ſhillings ſir, no more. (Vintne.

Gold. Pox on't Gentlemen, tis but Angels a peece, it ſhall be a brace of mine, rather then I would haue our reputations breathed vpon by all commers, for you muſt thinke theile talke ont in all companies; ſuch a night, in ſuch a company, ſuch a Goblet, Sfoote it may growe to a gangrene in our credits and bee incurable. *Tayl.* Faith I am content.

Frip, So am I. *Purſ.* There's my Angell too.

Gol. So, and mine, Ile tell thee what, the miſſing of this goblet has

has dismaide the Gentlemen much.

Vint. I am sory for that sir.

Gold. Yet they send thee this comfort by me, if they see thee but reasonably satisfied, and depart away contented, which will appeare in thy countenance; not three times thrice the worth of the Goblet shall hang betweene them and thee, both in their continuall custome, and all their acquaintances.

Vint. I thanke their worships all—I am satisfied.

Gold. Say it againe: do you heare Gentlemen?

Vint. I thanke your worships all I am satisfied.

Gold. Why la, was not this better then hazarding our reputations vpon trifles, and in such publicke as a Tauerne, such a questionable place. *Tayl.* True.

Pur. Faith it was well thought on. Nay keepe your way Gentlemē: I haue sworne maister *Bowcer*, I will bee last ifaith—— Rascall the goblet. *Fulk.* Where sir?

Gold. Peepe yon sir vnder. *Fulk.* Heere sir.

Finis Actus 3.

ACTVS. 4.

Enter Taylbee *reading a letter.*

Tayl. reads. *My husband is rode from home, make no delay, I know if your will bee as free as your horse, you will see mee yet ere dinner: From Kingston this eleventh of November*—— Ha? these women are such creatures, such importunate sweet soules: theile scarse giue a mā leaue to be ready, that's their onely fault ifaith, if they be once set vpon a thing, why there's no remouing of em, till their pritty wils be fulfild—O pitty thy poore oppressed client here sweete *Cupid*, that has scarce sixe houres vacation in a moneth, his causes hang in so many Courts, yet neuer suffer my French aduersary, nor his big swolne confederates to ouerthrow me,—Who without mercy would my bloud carouse,
And lay me in prison in a Doctors house:
Thy clemencie great *Cupid*: peace, who comes here?

Purs. Sir Gallant, well encountred.

Talb. I both salute, and take my leaue together.

Purs. Why whether ſo faſt ſir?

Tayl. Excuſe me pray, Ime in a little haſt,
My horſe waites for me.

Purs. What ſome iourney toward?

Tayl. A light one ifaith ſir.

Purs. I am ſorry that my buſineſſe ſo commands me,
I cannot ride with you; but I make no queſtion,
You haue company inough.

Tayl. Alaſſe not any—nor do I deſire it,
Why 'tis but to Kingſton yonder.

Purs. O cry you mercy ſir,

Tayl. Scape but one reach, there's little danger thether.

Purs. True a little of Come-parke.

Tayl. You'ue namde the place ſir, that's all I feare ifaith,

Purs. Farewell ſweere maiſter *Taylebee*, (him,
This fell out happily; Ile call this purchaſe mine, before I greete
Een where his feare lyes moſt, there will I meete him: Boy.

Boy. Sir. *Purs.* Walke my horſe behinde yon thicket, giue a word, if you diſcrie. *Boy.* I haue all perfect ſir.

Purs. So, he cannot now be long: What with my boyes dexterity at Ordinaries, and my Geldings celerity ouer hedge and ditch, but we make pritty ſhift to rub out, a Gallant, for I haue learnt theſe principles.

Stoope thou toth' world, 'twill on thy boſome tread,
It ſtoopes to thee, if thou aduance thy head:
The minde beeing farre more excellent then fate,
Tis fit our minde then be aboue our ſtate;
Why ſhould I write my extremities in my brow,
To make them loath me, that reſpect me now,
If euery man were in his courſes knowne;
Legs that now honor him, might ſpurne him downe.
To conclude, nothing ſeemes as it is but honeſty, & that makes it ſo litt'e regarded amongſt vs. *Boy.* Eela, ha, ho.

Puſh. The Boye: hee's hard at hand, Ile croſſe him ſuddenly: and here he comes; ſtand. *Taylb.* Ha!

Purſ. Deliuer your purſe ſir.

Tayl.

Tay. I fear'd none but this place ifaith, nay when my minde giues me a thing once.

Purſ. Quick, quick ſir, quick.
I muſt diſpatch three robberies yet ere night.

Tayl. I'me glad you haue ſuch good doings by my troth ſir.

Purſ. Youle fare neuer a whit the better for your flattery I warrant you ſir.

Tayl. I ſpeake ſincearly, 'tis pitty ſuch a proper-parted gentleman ſhould want; nor ſhall you, as long as I haue't about me, nay ſearch and ſpare not: there's a purſe in my left pocket as I take it, with fifteene pound in gold in't, and there's a faire chaine of pearle in the other: nay I'e deale truly with you; it greeues me yfaith when I ſee ſuch goodly men in diſtreſſe, Ile rather want it my ſelfe then they ſhould go with-out it.

Purſ. And that ſhewes a good nature ſir.

Tayl. Nay tho I ſay it, I haue beene alwaies accounted a man of a good nature, I might haue hangd my ſelfe ere this time els; Pray vſe me like a gentleman, take all, but iniury not my body.

Purſ. You muſt pardon me ſir, I muſt a little play the Vſurer, and binde you, for mine owne ſecurity.

Tayl. Alaſſe ther's no conſcience in that ſir, ſhall I enter into bond, and pay money too.

Purſ. Tut, I muſt not be betrayd.

Tayl. Here me but what I ſay ſir, I do proteſt I would not be he that ſhould betray a man, to be Prince of the world.

Purſ. Maſſe that's the diuill, I thanke you heartily, for hee's cal'd prince ath' world. *Tayl.* You take me ſtill at worſt.

Purſ. Sweare on this ſword then, to ſet ſpurs to your horſe, not to looke back, to giue no markes to any paſſenger.

Tayl. Markes, why I thinke you haue left me nere a peny ſir.

Purſ. I meane no markes of any.

Tayl. I vnderſtand you ſir. *Purſ.* Sweare then.

Tayl. ifaith I do ſir: *Purſ.* Away.

Tayl. Ime gon ſir, by my troth of a fierce theefe he ſeemes to be a very honeſt Gentleman. *Exit.*

Purſ. Why this was well aduentured, trim a Gallant:
Now with a courteous and long thuſting eye,

Let me behold my purchaſe, & try the ſoundneſs of my bones with laughter, how? is not this the chaine of pearle I gaue to that periurde harlat, tis, Sfoot tis, the very chaine, oh damned muſtreſſe, ha; and this the purſe, which not fiue daies before I ſens her fild with faire ſpur-royalls--heart; the very gold?--- ſlife is this no robbery, how many othes flew toward heauen, Which nere came halfe way thether; but like firedrakes, Mounted a little, gaue a cracke, and fell; Fainde othes bound vp to ſinke more deepe to hell. What folded papers this? death---tis her hand.

Maiſter Tayibee, *you know with what affection I loue you,* You do:

I count the world but as my pray to maintaine you, The more diſſembling queene you I muſt tell you,

I haue ſent you an embroderd purſe here with fifty faire ſpur-royalls in't--- A pox on you for your labour wench:

And I deſire you of all loues to keepe that chaine of pearle from Maiſter Purſnets *ſight*----

He cannot ſtrumpet, I behold it now, vnto thy ſecret torture:

So fare thee well, but be conſtant and want nothing.

As long as I ha't ifayth? me thinkes it ſhould haue gon ſo,--well; what a horrible age do we liue in, that a man cannot haue a queane to himſelfe let him but turne his back the beſt of her is chipt away like a Court loafe, that whē a man comes himſelf, has nothing but bumbaſt; & theſe are 2. ſimple chippings here, do's my boy pick, & I ſteale, to enrich my ſelfe, to keepe her, to maintaine him: why this is right the ſequence of the world,--- A.L. maintaines her, ſhe maintaines a Knight, he maintaines a Whore, ſhee maintaines a captaine. So in like manner, the pocket keepes my boye, hee keepes me, I keepe her, ſhee keepes him, it runs like quick-ſiluer, from one to another; Sfoote I perceiue I haue beene the chiefe vpholder of this Gallant all this while; it appeares true, we that pay deereſt for our paſture are euer likely worſe-uſde, Sfoot he has a Nag can run for nothing, has his choiſe, nay and gets by the running of him; -- oh fine world, ſtrange deuills, and pretty damnable affections.

Boy. Lela ha, ho? *Purſn.*

Purſn. There boy, agen, what newes there?
Boy. Maiſter, pſt, maſter? *Purſn.* How now boye.
Boy. I haue diſcride a prize.
Purſn. Another lad?
Boy. I he gull, the ſcholler?
Purſn. Maiſter Boaſter: *Boy.* I, comes a long this way:
Purſn. Without company.
Boy. As ſure, as he is your owne.
Purſn. Back to thy place boye,
I haue the luck to day, to rob in ſafety:
Two pretious cowards, whiſt: I heare him----ſtand
Fitſ. You lie, I came forth to goe.
Purſn. Deliuer your purſe.
Fitſ. Tis better in my pocket.
Purſn. How now, at diſputations, ſignior foole.
Fitſ. I'ue ſo much logick to confute a knaue, a thiefe, a rogue-
Purſn. Hold, hold, ſir, and you be a gentleman hold, let mee
Fit. Heart tis the curtizy of his ſcarf vnm askt him to me, (riſe.
Aboue the lip by chance, ile counterfit,
Light, becauſe I am a ſcholler, you thinke belike that ſchollers haue no mettal in em, but you ſhal finde,--I haue not don with
Purſn. As you're a Gentleman: (you couſin.
Fitſ. As you're a rogue?
Purſn. Keepe on vpon your way ſir:
Fitſ. You bad me ſtand?
Purſn. I haue beene once downe for that:
Fitſ. And then deliuer?
Purſn. Deliuer mee from you ſir---oh pax on't, has wounded me Eela, ha, ho my horſe, my horſe boye:
Fitſ. Haue you your boy ſo ready: oh thou world,
How art thou muffled in deceitfull formes:
There's ſuch a miſt of theſe, and ſtill hath beene,
The brightneſſe of true Gentry is ſcarce ſeene:
This iourney was moſt happily aſſignde,
I haue found him droſſe both in his meanes and minde: what papers this he dropt? ile looke on't as I goe.

Purſn. A gull call you him, let me alwaies ſet vpon wiſemen, theyle be afread of their liues, they haue a feeling of their iniquities, and knowes what tis to die with fighting. ſ'foote this gull laies on without feare, or wit, how deepe's it fayſt thou boye? *Boy.* By my faith three inches ſir.

Purſn. La, this was long of you, you roague: *Boy.* Of me ſir.

Purſn. Forgiue me deere boy, my wound akte, and I grewe angry, there's hope of life boy, is there not?

Boy. Puh, my life for yours.

Purſ. A comfortable boye in mans extreames! I was nere ſo afread in my life but the foole would haue ſeene my face, hee had mee at ſuch aduantage, hee might haue commanded my Scarf, I ſcapt well there, tad choakt mee; my reputation had beene paſt recouery, yet liue I vnſuſpected, and ſtil fit for Gallants choice ſocieties—but here I vowe, if ere I ſee this Bowſer when hee cannot ſee mee, either in by-lane, priuiledge place, Court, Alley, or come behinde him when hees ſtanding, or take him when hee reeles from a Tauerne late, piſſing againe a Cundit, Wall, or Gate, when hee's in ſuch a plight and cleere from me, ile do that I am aſhamde to ſpeake till then.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Nay reade forward, I haue found 3. of your Gallants, like your bewitching ſhame meerely ſophiſticall, there's your Bawde-Gallant, your pocket-Gallant, & your Whore-Gallant.

2. Maiſter Tailbee. 1. Thats he

2. I count the world but as my prey, to maintaine you?

1. Thats iuſt the phraze and ſtil of em all, to him: they meete altogither in one effect, and it may well hold too, for they all iumpe vpon one cauſe, *ſubands* lechery.

2. What ſhapes can flattery take, let me entreate you,
Both in the virgins right, and our good hopes
Since your houres are ſo fortunate, ſo proceede.

1. Why he's baſe that faires, vntil he crowne his deed. *Exit.*

Enter Purſnet *and his* 1. *Curt.*

Purſn. See that diſſembling deuill, that periurde ſtrumpet.

Curt. Welcome my ſoules beſt wiſh,—oh out alaſſe, thy arme bound in a ſcarfe, I ſhall ſowne inſtantly,

Purſn.

Pursn. Heart and ile fetch you agen in the same tune,
O my vnmatched loue, if any sparke of life remaine,
Looke vp, my comfort, my delight, my---
1. *Curt.* O good, o good?
Pursn. The organ of her voice is tunde agen,
Theres hope in women, when their speech returnes:
See like the Moone after a black eclipse,
She by degrees recouers her pure light:
How cheeres my loue?
1. *Curt.* As one new wak't out of a deadly trance,
The fit scarce quiet.
Pursn. Twas terrible for the time, Ide much ado to fetch you.
1. *Curt.* Shrew your fingers,
How came my comfort wounded, speake?
Pursn. Faith in a fray last night.
1. *Curt.* In a fray? will you loose your bloud so vainely,
Many a poore creature lacks it, tell me how?
What was the quarrell?
Pursn. Loath to tell you that.
1. *Curt.* Loath to tell me.
Pursn. Yet twas my cause of comming.
1. *Curt.* Why then, must not I know it:
Pursn. Since you vrge it, you shall,
Y'are a strumpet. 1. *Curt.* O newes abroad sir?
Pursn. Say you so.
1 *Curt.* Why you knew that the first night you lay with me.
Pursn. Nay not to me, onely but to the world.
1. *Curt.* Speake within compasse man.
Pursn. Faith you know none, you saile without.
1. *Curt.* I haue the better skill then.
Pursn. At my first step into a Tauerne-roome, to spie that chaine of pearle wound on a strangers arme you begd of me.
1. *Curt.* Hoa, you mistooke it sure.
Pursn. By heauen the very selfe same chaine.
1. *Curt.* O cry you mercy, tis true, ide forgot it, tis S. Georges day to morrow, I lent it to my couzin onely to grace his arme before his mistris. *Pursn.*

Purſn. Notable cunning.

1. *Curt.* And is this all now ifaith.

Purſ. Not, I durſt goe further.

1. *Curt.* Why, let me neuer poſſeſſe your loue, if you ſee not that againe a Thurſday morning, I tak't vnkindly yfaith you ſhould fall out with me for ſuch a trifle.

Purſ. Better and better.

1. *Curt.* Come, a kiſſe and friends. *Purſ.* Away.

1. *Curt.* By this hand Ile ſpoile your arme and you will not.

Purſ. More for this then the Diuell.

Gold. Yee, at your booke ſo hard.

Purſ. Againſt my will, are you there Signior Logick, A pox of you ſir.

Gold. Why how now, what has fate ſent vs here, in the name of *Venus* goddeſſe of *Cypreſſe*.

Purſ. A Free-booters pinck ſir, three or foure inches deepe.

Gold. No more, thats conſcionable yfaith.

Taylb. Troth Ime ſory for't, pray how came it ſir?

Purſ. Faith by a paltry fray, in Colman-ſtreete.

Fitſg. Coome-parke he would ſay.

Purſ. No leſſe then three at once ſir, made a Triangle with their Swords and Daggers, and all oppoſing me.

Fitſ. And amongſt thoſe three, onely one hurt you ſir.

Purſ. Ex for ex.

Tayl. Troth and Ile tell you what luck I had too, ſince I parted from you laſt. *Purſ.* What I pray?

Tayl. The day you offered to ride with mee, I wiſh now Ide had your company, Sfoote I was ſet vpon in Coome-parke by three too. *Purſ.* Bah. (lued at forty pound,

Tayl. Robd by this light of as much gold and Iewels, as I va-

Purſ. Sure *Saturne* is in the fifth houſe.

Tayl. I know not that, hee may be in the ſixt and he will for me, I am ſure they were in my pocket whereſoeuer they were: but Ile nere refuſe a Gentlemans company agen when 'tis offered me, I warrant you.

Gold. I muſt remember you, 'tis Miter-night Ladies.

2. *Curt.*

2. *Curt.* Maſſe 'tis indeed, Friday to day, Ide quite forgot, when a womans buſie, how the time runs away.

1. *Curt.* Oh y'aue betraid vs both.

Tayl. I vnderſtand you not.

1. *Curt.* Y'aue let him ſee, the chaine of Pearle I gaue you.

Tayl. Who him? will you beleeue me,
By this hand he neuer ſaw it.

1. *Curt.* Vpon a ſtrangers arme he ſwore to me,

Tayl. Maſſe that may be, for the truh is ifaith,
I was robd on't at Coome-parke.

1. *Curt.* Twas that betraid it,

Tayl. I would had ſtaide him,
He was no ſtranger, he was a theefe yfaith,
For theeues will be no ſtrangers.

1. *Curt.* How ſhall I excuſe it?

Bung. Nay I haue you faſt inough boy, you roague.

Boy. Good ſir, I beſeech you ſir, let me go. *he thumps*

Bung. A pick-pocket, nay you ſhall to Newgate luck you: is this your Boy ſir.

Purſ. How now boy? a monſter? thy arme linde faſt in an others pocket, where learnt you that manners; what company haue you kept alate, that you are ſo tranſformd into a roage, that ſhape I know n t, beleeue me ſir I much wonder at the alteration of this boy, where he ſhould get this nature: as good a childe to ſee to, and as vertuous, hee has his Creed by heart, reads me his chapter duly euery night; hee will not miſſe you one tittle in the nine commandements.

Bung. There is ten of em.

Purſ. I feare he skips ore one; thou ſhalt not ſteale.

Bung. Maſſe like enough.

Purſ. Elſe grace and memory, would quite abaſh the boy. Thou graceleſſe impe, ah thou prodigious child, begot at ſome ee ipſe, degenerate rogue. Shame to thy friends, and to thy maiſtercke: how far digreſſing from the noble minde of thy braue Anceſters that lie in Marble, with their coate armors ore em.

Bung. Had he ſuch friends?

Pursn. The boy is well discended, though he be a rogue and has no feeling ont, yet for my sake, & for my reputations seeke not the bloud of the boy, his neere allyed to many men of worship now yet liuing, a fine old man to his father, it would kill his heart y'faith, heed away like a Cryfom.

Bun. Alasse good gentleman?

Pursn. Ah shameles villaine, complainst thou? dost thou want?

Boy. No, no, no, no.

Purs. Art not well clad, thy hunger well resisted.

Boy. Yes, yes, yes, yes,

Pursn. But thou shalt straight to Bridewell.

Boy. Sweet maister.

Pursn. Liue vpon bread and water, and chap choake.

Boy. I beseech your worship.

Bun. Come Ile be his suerty for once:

Pursn. You shall excuse me indeed sir?

Bun. He will mend, a may proue an honest man for all this, I know gallant Gentlemen now, that haue done as much as this comes too in their youth. *Pursn.* Say you so sir?

Bun. And as for Bridewell, that will but make him worse, a will learne more knauery there in one weeke, then will furnish him and his heires for a hundreth yeare.

Pursn. Deliuer the boy.

Bun. Nay I tell you true Sir, ther's none goes in there a queane, but she comes out an arrant whore I warrant you.

Pursn. The boy comes not there for a million.

Bun. No you had better forgiue him by ten parts.

Pursn. True, but a must not know it comes from me, downe a your knees you rogue, and thanke this gentleman has got your pardon. *Boy.* O I thanke your worship:

Pursn. A pox on you for a rogue, you put me to my sette speech onee a quarter: (maister *Boxser*

Gold. Nay gentlemen you quite forget your houre, and

Exeunt all but Gold; *and* Curtisan.

2. *Cur.* Let me go you'r a dissembler *Gold* How.

2. *Cur.* Did not you promise me a new gowne?

Gold,

Gold. Did I not? yes faith did I, and thou ſhalt haue it, goe ſirrah runne for a Tayler preſently.
Let me ſee for the coulour now; Orange tawny, Peach colour, what ſayſt to a Watchet Sattin?

2. *Curt.* O tis the onely colour I affect.

Tayler. A very orient colour, ant pleaſe your worſhips, I made a gowne ont for a Gentlewoman tother day, and it does paſſing well vpon her. *Gold.* A Watchet Sattin gowne.

Tayler. There your worſhip left ſir.

Gold. Laid about *Tayler.* *Tayler.* Very good Sir.

Gold. With foure faire Laces.

Tayler. That will be coſtly ſir.

Gold. How you rogue coſtly, out ath' houſe, you ſlip-ſhood, ſhamlegd, browne-thred, penny-skeand raſcall.

2. *Curt.* Nay my ſweete loue.

Gold. Hang him rogue, he's but a Botcher neither, come Ile ſend thee a fellow worth a hundred of this, if the ſlaue were cleane inough. *Exeunt.*

In the midſt of the muſick, enter one bringing in a ſuite of Satin, knocks at Taylbees *doore, enter his man.*

1. Who knocks. (was directed hether.

2. A Chriſtian: pray is not this maiſter *Taylbees* lodging, I

1. Yes, this is my maiſters lodging.

2. Cry you mercy ſir. Is he yet ſtirring.

1. Hee's awake, but not yet ſtirring, for he plaide away halfe his clothes laſt night

2. My miſtreſſe commends her ſecrets vnto him, and preſents him by me with a new Sattin ſuite here.

1. Maſſe that comes happily.

2. And ſhe hopes the faſhion will content him.

1 Ther's no doubt to be had of that ſir--your miſtreſſe name I pray? y'are much pretiouſly welcome.

2. I thanke you vncommonly ſir.

1. The ſuite ſhall be accepted I warrant you ſir.

2. Thats all my Miſtreſſe deſires ſir.

1. Fare you well ſir. 2. Fare you well ſir.

1. This will make my maiſter leape out of the bed for ioy, and dance Wigmors galliard in his ſhirt about the chamber?

The Muſicke plaies on a while, then enter; Taylb e *his man after truſſing him.*

Taylb. Came this ſuit from miſtris Cleeueland?

Iacke. She ſent it ſecretly ſir.

Taylb A pritty requitefull ſquall, I like that woman, that can remember a good turne 3 moneths after the date, it ſhewes both a good memory, and a very feeling ſpirit.

Ia. This came fortunately ſir, after all your ill lucke laſt night.

Taylb. I'de beaſtly caſting Iacke.

Ia. Oh abominable ſir, you had the ſcuruieſt hand---the old Seruingman ſwoopt vp all;

Taylb. I am glad the fortune lighted vpon the poore fellow by my troth, t made his maiſter mad?

Ia. Did you marke that ſir, I warrant hee has the doggedſt maiſter of any poore fellow vnder the dog-ſigne, Ide rather ſerue your worſhip, Ile ſay that behinde your backe ſir, for nothing, as indeed I haue no ſtanding wages at all, your worſhip knowes.

Taylb. Oh but your vailes Iacke your vailes conſidered, when you run too and fro betweene me and miſtreſſes.

Ia I muſt confeſſe my vailes are able to keepe an honeſt man go I where I liſt.

Taylb. go to then Iacke.

Ia. But thoſe vailes ſtand with the ſtate of your body ſir as long as you hold vp your head, if that droop once, farewell you, farewell I, farewell all, and droop it will, though all the candles in Europe ſhould put to their helping hands too'; tis ee'n as vncertaine as playing now vp now downe, for if the Bill riſe to aboue thirty, heer's no place for players, ſo if your yeares riſe to aboue forty, ther's no roome for old lechers.

Tabl. and thats the reaſon all roomes are taken vp for young Temp'ers?

Ia. y'are in the right ſir? (laſt night Iacke,

Tabl. pize ont I pawnd a good beuer hat to maiſter *Frip*

I feele the want of it now,--harke whose that knockes;

1. Is maister Taylbee stirring?

Ia. Whats your pleasure with him, he walks here ith hall.

1. Giue your worship good morrow,

Taylb. Welcome honest lad;

1. A letter from my mistresse.

Taylb. Who's thy mistresse?

1. Mistresse new-blocke.

Taylb. Mistris the new-blocke my sincere loue how do's she?

1. Faith onely I in the want of your sight.

Taylb. Alasse deere sweet, I ue had such buisines, I protest I nere stood still since I saw her.

1. She has sent your worship a Beuer hat heere, with a band best in fashion.

Taylb. How shall I requite this deere soule?

1. Tis not a thing fit for mee to tell you sir, for I haue three yeares to serue yet: your worship knowes how I warrant you;

Tayl. I know the drift of her letter, and for the Beuer, say, I accept it highly.

1 Oh shee will be a proud woman of that sir.

Tayl. And harke thee tell thy mistresse as Im'e a Gentleman, Ile dispatch her out of hand, the first thing I do a my credit, canst thou remember these words now?

1. Yes sir as youare a Gentleman you'le dispatch her out of hand the first thing you do *Tayl.* I a my credit.

1. Oh of your credit, I thought not of that sir.

Taylb. Remember that good boy?

1 Feare it not now sir.

Tayl I dreamt to night Iacke, I should haue a secret supply (out a'th Citty

Ia. Your dreame cradles out partly well sir,—what newes there now? *Enter another.*

1. I haue an arrant to maister Taylbee—

Iacke. Yonder walks my maister;

2. Mistres Tiffany commends her to your worship and h'as sent you your ten pound in gold backe againe, and sayes shee cannot furnish you of the same Lawne you desire, till after

all hollantide——

Tayl. Thanke her she would let me vnderstand so much? ha, ha,——this wench wil liue, why this wa· ſcnt like a worke woman now, the reſt are botchers to her, faith I commend her cunning, shees a foole, that makes her ſeruant fellowe to her heart, it robs her of reſpect, dams vp all duty, keepes her in awe e'en of the ſlaue ſhee keepes.

This takes a wiſe courſe I commend her more,
Sends back the gold, I neuer ſawe before:
Well women are my beſt friends ifaith,
Takes lands giue me good legs:
Firme back white hand, black eye, browne haire,
And ad but to theſe fiue a comly ſtature,
Let others liue by art and I by nature. *Exit.*

Enter Goldſtone *calling* *Maiſter Bowſer.*

Go. Maiſter Bowſer, Maiſtr Bowſer, ha, ha, ho, maiſter Bowſer.

Fitſg Holla: *Gol.* What not out of thy kennel, Maiſter

Fitſg. Maiſter *Goldſtone*, your an early Gallant ſir? (Bowſer.

Gol. A faire cloake yonder ifaith,——by my troth a bed Maiſter Bowſer, you remember your promiſe well ore night.

Fitſg. Why whats a clock ſir? (Brides.

Go. Do you aske that now, why the chimes are ſpent at Saint

Fitſg. Tis a Gentlemans houſe, faith Maiſter *Goldſtone* ile bee ready in a trice. *Gol.* Away theres no truſt to you:

Fitſ. Faith ile come inſtantly?

Gold. Nay chuſe whether you will or no, by my troth your cloake ſhall goe before you——

Fitſ. Nay Maiſter *Goldſtone* I ha ſworne—do you heare ſir:

Gol. Away, away, faith Ime angry with you, pox, a bed now Ime aſhamde of it.

Fitſ. Foote my cloake, my cloake Maiſter *Goldſtone*, ſlife what meane you by this ſir you'le bring it back again, I hope, no not yet, by my troth I care very little for ſuch kinde of ieſting, me thinkes this familiarity now extends a little too far, vnleſſe it be a new faſhion come forth this morning, ſeemely yeſterday twould haue ſhowne vnmannerly, and ſawcily; I ſcarce know

know yet what to thinke on't, well there's no great profit in ſtanding in my ſhirt, ile on with my cloathes, has bound mee to follow the ſuite, my cloakes a ſtranger hee was made but yeſterday, & I do not loue to truſt him alone in company. *Exit.*

Enter Frip.

Frip. What may I coniecture of this *Goldſtone*? hee has not onely pawnde to me this cloake, but the veric Diamond and Saphire, which I beſtow de vpon my new loue at Maiſter *Primeroes* houſe; the cloakes new and comes fitly, to do me great grace at a wedding this morning, to which I was ſolemnly enuited. I can continue change more thē the proudeſt Gallant of em all; yet neuer beſtowe pennie of my ſelfe, my pawnes do ſo kindly furniſh mee: but the ſight of theſe iewells is able to cloy me, di: I not preſerue my ſtomack the better for the wedding dinner, a guiſt could neuer haue come in a more patient h: ure, nor to be better diſgeſted; is ſhe prou'd falſe,—but ile not fret to day no. chaſe my bloud.

Enter Purſnet.

Purſn. Ha, yonder goes Bowſer, the place is fit:—boy ſtand with my horſe at Corner, I owe you for a Pinck 3. inches deepe ſir? *Frip.* Oh—o—o;

Purſn. Take that in part of payment; for Coome-parke:

Frip. O: ---o--o? *Exit.* *Enter Fitſgraue.*

Fitſg. How now, whoſe this? sfoote one of our Gallants, knockt downe like a Calfe, is there ſuch a plaugue of em here at London, they begi: to knock em ath head already:

Frip. Oh Maiſter Bowſer, pray lend me your hand ſir; I am ſlaine:

Fitſ. Slaine and aliue? oh cruell execution?
What man ſo ſauage-ſpirited durſt preſume,
To ſtrike downe ſattin on two taffeties cut:
Or lay his hand againſt a Beuet hat. (meanes

Frip Some rogue that owes me money, and had no other
To a wedding dinner: I muſt be dreſt my ſelfe me thinkes.

Fitſg. How why this my cloake, lite how came my cloake hether?

Frip.

Frip. Is it yours sir, ? Maister *Goldstone* pawnde it to me this morning fresh and sailing, and borrowed fiue pound vpon't.

Fitf. How, pawnde it? pray let me neare out this story, come, and ile lend you to the next barbers-surgeons;- -pawnde my cloake? *Enter Goldst: and Gall.*

Bung. How now *Marmaduke* whats the wager;

Marm. Nay my care is at end sir, now I am come to the sight of you? my mistris your couzin entreates you to take part of a dinner with her at home at her house, and bring what Gentleman you please to accompany you.

Bun. Thanke my sweet couze, ile munch with her say.

Mar. Ile tell her so.

Bun. Marmaduke----

Mar. Sir?

Bun. Will there be any stock-fish thinkst thou?

Mar. How sir?

Bun. Tell my couze I'ue a great appetite to stock-fish ifaith--Maister *Goldstone* ile intreate you to bee the gentleman that shall accompany me.

Gold. No? me sir? *Bung.* You sir.

Bung By my troth concluded, what state beares thy couze sirrah? *Bung.* Oh a fine Merchants wife,--

Go. Or rather a Merchants fine wife----

Bung. Trust me and thats the properer phraze here at London, and tis as absurd too, to call him fine Merchant, for being at sea, a man knowes not what pickle he is in.

Go. Why true----

Bung. Yet my couze will be serude in plate I can tell you, she has her siluer lugs and her guilt Tankards. *Go.* Fie.

Bun. Nay you shall see a house dresst vp ifaith, you must not thinke to tread ath ground when you come there,---

Go. No, how then? (cut out in steakes.

Bun. Why vpon paths made of fig-frailes, & white blankets

Go Away--I haue thought of a deuice, where shall we meete an houre hence. *Bung.* In Powles. *Exit* Bung.

Go. Agreed.

Enter

Enter Fitsgraue.

Fitsg. The Broker-Gallant, and the Cheating-Gallant,
Now I haue found 'em all, I so reioyce,
That the redeeming of my cloake I wey not:
I haue spyed him.

Gold. Pax here's *Bouncer*.

Fits Maister *Goldstone*, my cloake, come wher's my cloake sir?

Gold. Oh y'are a sure Gentleman; especially if a man stand in need of you, he may bee slaine in a morning to breakfast, ere you vouchsafe to peepe out of your lodging.

Fits. How?

Gold. No lesse then foure Gallants, as Ime a gentleman, drew all vpon me at once, and opposde mee so spightfully, that I not onely lost your cloake ith' fray.

Fitsg. Comes it in there? (em.

Gold. But my riche Hangers, sirrah, I thinke thou hast seene

Fitsg. Neuer ith sir.

Gold. Those with the two Vnicornes, all wrought in Pearle and gold pox on't it frets me ten times more then the losse of the paltry cloake; prethee and thou lou'st me speake no more on t, it brings the Vnicornes into my minde, and thou wouldst not thinke how the conceit greeues me: I will not do thee that disgrace ifaith, to offer thee any satisfaction, for in my soule I thinke thou scornst it thou bearst that minde in my conscience; I haue alwaies said so of thee; fare thee well, when shall I see thee at my chamber, when?

Fitsg. Euery day shortly.

Gold. I haue fine toyes to show thee. *Exit.* Goldst.

Fits. You win my heart then:
The Diuill scarce knew what a portion hee gaue his children,
when he allowde 'em large impudence to liue vpon, & so turnd
em into th'world, surely he gaue away the third part of the riches of his kingdome, reuenues are but fooles too't; the filed tongue and the vndaunted fore-head,
Are mighty patrimonies, wealthier then those
The Citty-*Sire*, or the Court-father leaues,

In theſe behold it, riches oft like ſlaues
Reuolt, they beare their fore-heads to their graues,
What ſooneſt graſps aduancement, meanes great ſuites
Trips downe rich widowes, gaines reputation and name,
Makes way where ere it comes, bewitches all
Thou impudence, the minion of our dayes
On whoſe pale cheekes fauor and fortune playes!
Call you theſe your fiue Gallants, truſt me they'r rare fellowes
They liue on nothing; many cannot liue on ſomething,
Heere they may take example;—Suſpectleſſe virgin!
How eaſie had thy Goodneſſe bene beguilde
Now onely reſts, that as to me they'r knowne,
So to the world their baſe Arts may be ſhowne. *Exit.*

Ente Purſnet *and his boy.*

Purſn. Art ſure thou ſaw'ſt him receiu't boy?

Boy. Forty pound in gold as Im'e a gentleman borne,

Purſn. Thy father gaue the Rams-head boy?

Boy. No you'r deceiu'd my mother gaue that ſir.

Purſn. whats thy mothers, is thy fathers; *Enter* Piamont.

Boy. Im'e ſorry it holds in the Rams-head, ſee heere he walkes, I was ſure hee came into Powles, the gold had bene yours maiſter long ere this, but that he weares both his hands in his pockets:

Purſn. How vnfortunately is my purpoſe ſeated, what the deuill ſholud come in his minde to keepe in his hands ſo long, the biting but of a paultry louſe would do me great kindnes now, I knew not how to requite it, will no raſcall creature aſſiſt mee, ſtay, what if I did impudently ſalute 'em out, good, boy be redy boy. *Boy.* vpon the leaſt aduantage ſir?

Purſn. You'r moſt deuoutly met in Powles ſir?

Pia. So are you, but I ſcarce remember you ſir.

Purſn. Oh I cry you mercy ſir, I pray pardō me I feare I haue tendred an offence ſir, troth I tooke you at the firſt for one maiſter *Dumplin* a Norfolke gentleman.

Pia. Ther's no harme done yet ſir?

Purſn. I hope hee is there by this time, how now boy, haſt it?

Boy.

Boy. No by troth haue I not, this labours loſt, 'tis in the right pocket, and he kept that hand in ſure enough.

Purſ. Vnpractiz'd Gallant, ſalute me but with one hand, like a counterfeit ſouldier, O times and manners? are wee growne beaſts, doe wee ſalute by halfes, are not our limbes at leiſure, where's comely nurture, the Italian kiſſe, or the French cringe, with the Polonian waſte: are all forgot, then miſery followes-- Surely fate forbad it, had hee imploide but his right hand, Ide had it:---It muſt be an euerlaſting deuiſe I thinke, that procures both his hands out at once: do you walke ſir.

Bung. No I ſtay a little for a Gentlemans comming too.

Fram. Farewell then ſir, I haue forty pound in gold about me, which I muſt preſently ſend downe into the countrey.

Bung. Fare you well ſir: I wonder Maiſter *Golaſtone* ſpares my company ſo long, 'tis now about the nauill of the day, vpon the belly of noone.

Enter Goldſt. *and his man diſguiſde both.*

Gold. See where he walkes, be ſure you let off at a twinckling now.

Ful. When did I miſſe you,---your worſhip has forgot, you promiſt Miſtreſſe *Newcut* your cozen, to dine with her this day.

Gold. Maſſe that was well remembred.

Bung. I am bold to ſalute you ſir. *Gold.* Sir.

Bung. Is Miſtreſſe *New-cut* your coozen ſir.

Gold. Yes, ſhee's a coozen of mine ſir.

Bung. Then I am a coozen of yours, by the Siſters ſide.

Gold Let me ſalute you then, I ſhall be glad of your farther acquaintance.

Bung. I am a bidden gueſt here too.

Gold. Indeed ſir? *Bung.* Faith inuited this morning.

Gold. Your good compan[illegible] ſhall be kindly imbrac'd ſir.

Bung. I walke a turne or two here for a Gentleman, but I thinke heele either ouer-take me, or be before me.

Gold. 'Tis very likely ſir; there ſirrah, go to dinner, & about two waite for mee?

Bung. Nay let him come betweene two and three coozen, for we loue to ſit long at dinner ith' Citty.

Gold. Come ſweete coozen,

Bung. Nay coozen, keepe your way coozen,
Good coozen I will not yfaith coozen. *Exit.*

Enter Mistresse New-cut *and* Marmaduke.

New. Why how now sirrah, vpon twelue of the clock, & not the cloth laide yet--- must we needs keepe Exchange time still.

Mar. I am about it forsooth.

New. Y'are about it forsooth; y'are still about many things, but you nere do one well, I am an Asse to keep thee inth' house now my husbands at sea, thou hast no audacity with thee, a fooliſh dreaming lad, fitter to be in the garret, then in any place else, no grace, nor manly behauiour; when didst thou euer come to mee, but with thy head hanging downe, oh dechcerefull prentize, vncomfortable seruant: pray heauen the Gull my coozen has so much wit left, as to bring maister *Taylbee* along with him; my comfort, my delight, for that was the chiefest cause I did inuite him, I bad him bring what Gentlemen he pleazd to accompany him, as farre as I durst goe, why may hee not then make choise of maister *Taylbee*, had hee my wit or feeling hee would doo't. *Enter* Bungler *and* Goldst. *disguized.*

Bun. Wher's my sweet coozen here, dos she lack any guesse?

New. Euer such guesse as you, y'are welcome coozen.

Gold. I am rude Lady. *New.* Y'are most welcome sir.

Bung. There will be a gallant here anon cooze,
Hee promist faithfully. *New.* Who ist maister *Taylbee*?

Bung. Maister *Taylbee*, no maister *Goldstone*.

New. Maist *Goldstone*; I could thinke well of that *Goldstone*, wert not for one vilde trick he has. *Gol.* Whats that Lady?

New. In iest, he will pawne his puncs for suppers.

Gold. Thats a vilde part in him ifaith, & he were my brother.

New Pray gentlemen sit awhile, your dinner shall come presently.

Gold. Yee mistresse *New-cut*, at first giue me a trip,
A close bite alwayes askes a secret nip.

Bun. My coozen here is a very kind natur d saule ifaith, in her humor.

Gol. Puh you know her not so wel as I cooze, I haue obseru d her in all her humors you nere saw her a little waspish I thinke.

Bung. I haue Ifaith.

Gold.

Go. Puh, then yea nere ſawe prety humor in your life, I can bring her into't when I liſt.

Bun. Would you could ifaith.

Go. Would I could? by my troth and I were ſure thou couldſt keepe thy countenance couze, what a prety ieſt haue I thought vpon already to entertaine time before dinner.

Bun. Prethe couze what iſt, I loue a ieſt a life ifaith.

Go. Ah but I am iealious you will not keepe your countenance ifaith.

Bun. Why yea ſhall ſee a prety ſtory of a humor.

Go. Faith ile try you for once, you know my couzin will wonder when ſhe comes in to ſee the cloath layd and nere a ſalt vpon the boord. *Bu.* Thats true ifaith.

Go. Now will I ſtand a while out of ſight with it, and giue her humour play a little.

Bung. Couze doſt thou loue mee, and thou wilt euer doe any thing for me, do't. *Go.* Marry I build vpon you countenance.

Bung. Why doſt thou thinke I me an aſſe couze?

Go. I would be loath to vndertake it elſe, for if you ſhould burſt out preſently, couze the ieſt would be ſpoild.

Bung. Why do not I know that, away, ſtand cloſe, ſo, ſo mum couzen? a merry companion ifaith, here will be good ſport anon,----whiſt ſhe comes?

New. I make you ſtray long for a bad dinner, here couzen, if Maiſter *Goldſtone* were come, the meates e'en ready.

Bu. Some great buſines detaines him couzin, but heele not be long now? *New.* Why how now, cuds my life,---

Bun. Why?

New. Was euer miſtris ſo plaugd with a ſhetle-headed ſeruant---why *Marmaduke.* *Mar.* I come forſooth:

New. Able to ſhame me from generation to generation.

Mar. Did you call forſooth?

New. Come hether forſooth—did you lay this cloth?

Mar. Yes forſooth:

New. Do you vſe to lay a cloth without a ſalt, a ſalt, a ſalt, a ſalt, a ſalt, a ſalt.

Men. How many ſalts would you haue, Ime ſure I ſet the beſt ith houſe vpon the boore.

Bu. How? couzen:--ſings--couzen, couzen, did call couze.

New. Did you ſee a ſalt vpon the boord when you came in.

Bung. Puh.

New. Come, come, I thought as much, beſhrew your fingers, where iſt now? *Bun.* Your couzen yonder.

New. Why the mans mad. *Bun.* Couzen, hiſt couzen.

New. What ſay you.

Bun. Puh, I call not you, I call my couzen, come forth with th' ſalt couzen: ha, how, nobody: why was not he that came in e'en now your couzen?

New. My couzen: O my bell ſalt, O my great bell ſalt.

Enter Goldſtone.

Bung. The tenor bell ſalt; oh here comes Maiſter *Goldſtone* now couzen, he may tell vs ſome newes on him. Did you not meete a fellow about doore, with a great ſiluer ſalt vnder his arme.

Gold. No ſure, I met none ſuch.

New. Pardon me ſir, I forgot all this while to bid you welcome. I ſhall loth this roome for euer. Take hence the cloth you vnlucky maple-fac'd raſcall, come you ſhall dine in my chamber ſir.

Gol. No better place lady. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pyamont.

Pya. No leſſe then forty pound in faire gold at one lift, the next ſhall ſowne, and ſowne agen till the diuill fetch him ere I ſet hand to him, heart, nothing vexes mee ſo much. but that I payde the Goldſmith for the change too not an houre before, had I let it alone in the chaine of ſiluer as it was at firſt, it might haue giuen mee ſome notice at his departure, ſfoote I could fight with a win-mill now, ſure twas ſome vnlucky villaine, why ſhould he come and ſalute mee wrongfully too miſtake me at noone day, now I thinke ont in cold bloud? it could not be but an induction to ſome villanous purpoſe, well, I ſhal meete him---- *Enter Purſnet.*

Purſn.

Purſn. This forty pound came fortunately to redeeme my chaine of pearle from morgage, I would not care how often I ſowned to haue ſuch a good cawdle to comfort me, gold and pearle is very reſtoratiue.——

Pyam. See yonders the roague I ſuſpect for ſowle play, ile walke muffled by him, offer ſome offence or cauſe of a quarrel, only to try his temper, if he be a coward, he's the likelier to be a roague, an infallible note.

Purſ. What a pox aile you ſir, would I had beene aware of you. *Pyam.* Sir, ſpeake you to me?

Purſn. Not I ſir, pray keepe on your way I haue nothing to ſay to you.

Pyam. Y'are a raskall.

Purſn. You may ſay your pleaſure ſir,—but I hope I goe not like a raskall.

Pyam. Are you faine to flie to your cloathes, becauſe yare Gallant, why theres no raskall, like your Gallant raskall beleeue that.

Purſn. You haue tooke mee at ſuch an houre, faith you may call me e'en what you pleaſe, nothing wil mooue me.

Pyam. No, ile make ſomewhat mooue you? drawe? I ſuſpected you were a roague, & you haue purſt it vp wel with a coward?

Purſ. Who my Patron. *Pyam.* Keepe out you raskall.

Purſ. The geſt that did me the kindneſſe in Powles,
Hold as you are a gentleman, youle giue me breath ſir.

Pyam. Are you there with mee, a vengeance ſtop you, you haue found breath inough to run away from mee. I will neuer meete this ſlaue hereafter in a morning but I will breath my ſelfe vpon him, ſince I can haue no other ſatisfaction, hee ſhall ſaue me that forty pound in fence-ſchoole. *Exit.*

Gold. When things are clenly carried, ſigne of iudgement,
I was the welcomſt Gallant to her aliue,
After the ſalt was ſtolne; then a good dinner,
A fine prouoking meale which drewe on apace,
The pleaſure of a day-bed, and I had it:
This here one ring can witneſſe, when I parted,
Who but ſeewte Maiſter *Goldſtone*, I left her in that trance.

What

What cannot wit so it be impudent
Deuise and compasse? I would faine know that fellow now,
That would suspect me but for what I am.
He liues not,; 'Tis all in the conueyance, what? Thou lookst not like a begger, what makst thou on the groũd, I haue a hand to help thee vp, a faire chaine of pearle, surely a marchants wife giues lucky handsell; they that finde pearle may wear't at a cheape rate, mary my Lady dropt it from her arme for a deuice to coale me to her bed, Iu'e seene as great a matter.—who be these? Ile be to crafty for you, oh mounsier *Primero*, Signior *Frip*, is it you gallants. *whisper.*

Frip Sweet maister *Goldstone*? *Enter* Taylbee.

Tayl. euery bawd exceeds mee in fortune: maister *Primero* was rob'd of a Carkanet vpon monday last, laid the goldsmiths and found it. I h'a laid goldsmits Ieweller, Burnisher Broker, and the deuill and all I thinke, yet could neuer so much as here of that chaine of pearle, he was a notable theefe, hee workes close; peace, who be these, ha, let mee see, by this light there it 'tis backe least they see thee; a happy minute, *Goldstone* what an age do we breath in, who, that saw him now would thinke hee were maintaind by purses: so, who, that meets me, would think I were maintaind by wenches, as far as I can see 'tis all one case, and holds both in one Court, wee are both maintaind by the common roade way? Keep thou thine owne heart, thou liu'st vnsuspected, I leese you againe now.

Gold. But I pray you tell me,
met you no Gentlewomen by the way you came?

Frip. Not any what should they be?

Gold. Nay I do but aske,
Because a Gentlewomans gloue was found,
Neere to the place I met you?

Primero. Faith we saw none sir.

Taylb. good officers, vpon suspition of fellony.

Cunst. Very good sir

1. What call you the theefs name you do suspect?

Tayl. Maister Iustinian *Goldstone*.

1. remen-

1. Remember, maiſter Iuſtice *Goldſtone*, a terrible world the whilſt, my Maiſters.

Tayl. Looke you that's he; vpon him officers.

1. I ſee him not yet, which is he ſir.

Tayl. Why that.

1. He a theefe ſir, who that Gentleman ith' Sattin?

Tayl. Een hee.

1. Farewell ſir, y'are a merry Gentleman.

Tayl. As you will anſwer it officers, Ile beare you out, Ile be your warrant.

1. Nay and you ſay ſo, what's his name then.

Tayl. *Iuſtinian Goldſtone.*

1. Maiſter *Iuſtinian Goldſtone*, wee apprehend you ſir vpon ſuſpition of fellonie.

Gold. Mee.

Tayl. You ſir.

Con. I charge you in the Kings name gentlemen to aſſiſt vs.

Gold. Maiſter *Taylbee*?

Tayl. The ſame man ſir.

Gold. Life whats the newes?

Tayl. Ha you forgot Come-parke?

Gold. Come-parke? no, tis in Kingſtone way.

Tayl. I beleeue youle finde it ſo.

Gold. I not deny it.

1. Beare witneſſe has confeſt.

Gol. What haue I confeſt, paire of cockſcombes indubitable?

Tay. I was robd finely of this chaine of Pearle there,
And forty faire Spur-Royals. *Gold.* Did I rob you?

Tayl. There where I finde my goods I may ſuſpect ſir.

Frip. I dreamt this would be his end.

Gold. See how I am wrongd Gentlemen:
As I haue a ſoule, I found this chaine of pearle,
Not three yeards from this place, iuſt when I met you.

Tayl. Ha, ha!

Frip. Yet the law's ſuch, if he but ſweare 'tis you, y'are gon.

Gold. Pox ont, that ere I ſaw't.

Frip. Can you but ſweare 'tis he, do but that, and you tickle him yfaith?

Taylb. Nay and it come once to ſwearing let me alone:

Frip Say and hold, heecall'd my Iewells counterfet, and ſo cheated the poore wench of 'em: 1. Come bring him away, (come?

Gold. Twill call my ſtate in queſtion!

Purſ. I thinke what's got by theft doth neuer proſper, Now loſt my chaine of pearle---come maiſter *Goldſtone*, lets go this mine yfaith, *Gold.* The chaine of pearle?

Pur. By my trothit's mine; *Gold* By my troth much good (do't you ſir?

Frip. Im e glad in my ſoule ſir--*Gnawes*,

Cunſt. Deliuer your weapons, *Purſu.* How?

Cunſt. You're apprehended vpon ſupition of fellony?

Purſu. Fellony? whats that?

Taylb. Was it you yfaith, ſir all this whi'e, that did me that kindnes to eaſe both my pockets at Coom-parke:

Purſu. I ſir? pray gentlemen draw neere, lets talke among our ſelues, ſtand a part Scoundrell;---muſt euery gentleman be vpbraided in publike that flies out now and then vpon neceſſity, to be Theames for pedlers and weauers? this ſhou d not bee, twas neuer ſeene among the Romaines; nor read we of it in the time of Brute: are wee more Britiſh now? did I liſt to blab, do not I know your courſe of liſe maiſter *Taylbee* to bee as baſe as the baſeſt, maintaind by mee, by him by all of vs. and a ſecond hand from miſtreſſes, lu'e their letters heere to ſhow?

Why ſh uld you be ſo violent to ſtrip naked (prous,

Anothers Reputation, to the world knowing your owne ſo le-

Beſide this chaine of pearle and thoſe ſpur-royals came to you fa ſe y for ſhe broke her faith, and made her ſoule a ſtrumpet with her body, when ſhe ſent thoſe; they were euer iuſtly mine? Pray what moues you ſir, why ſhould yo ſhake your head, you'r cleere, ſure I ſhould know you ſir, pray are not you ſometi nes a pandar, & oftner a bawd ſir, haue I neuer Sin'd in your ban-quetting boxes, your bowers and towers? you ſlaue, that keeps fornication vpon the tops of trees, the very Birds cannot ingender in quiet for you, why rogue, that goes in good clothes made out of wenches caſt gownes.

Pri. Nothing goes ſo neere my heart as that?

Purſ. Do you ſhake your ſlaues nodle? *Tayl.*

Tayl. And heer's a raskall lookt asway too, (saving the preſence of maiſter *Goldſtone*;) a filthy-ſlymy-louſie-nitticall broker, prickt vp in pawnes from the hat-band to the ſhooſtring-a neceſſary hooke to hang gentlemens ſuites ont it'h Aire, leaſt they ſhould grow muſty with long lying? which his pawnes ſeldome are guilty off, a fellow of ſeuerall ſents and Steames; French, Duch, Italian, Engliſh, and therefore his lice muſt needs be mungrells. why Bill mony?

Gold. I am ſorry to heere this among you, y'aue all deceiu'd me, truly I tooke you for other Spirits, you muſt pardon mee hence-forward, I haue a reputation to looke to, I muſt bee no more ſeene in your companies;

Frip. Nay, nay, nay, nay, maiſter *Goldſtone*, you muſt not ſcape ſo yfaith, one word before you go ſir,

Gold. Pray diſpatch then, I would not for halfe my reuene wes yfaith now, that any gallants ſhould paſſe by in the meane time, and finde me in your companies, nay as quicke as you can ſir.

Frip. You did not take away maiſter *Bowers* cloake tother morning, pawnd it to me and borrowed fiue pound vppon't;

Gold Ha?

Frip. 'Twas not you neither that finely cheated my little Nouice at maiſter *Promeroes* houſe, of a Diamond and Saphire, and ſwore they were counterfet, both glaſſe, meere glaſſe as you were a right gentleman;

Gold. Slife, why were we ſtrangers all this while? ſfoot I perceiue wee are all naturall Brothers? a pox on s all are we found yfaith? *Frip.* A cheater?

Gold. A theeſe, a lecher, a bawd and a Broker?

Cunſt. What meane they to bee ſo merry, Im'e a fraid they laugh at vs and make fooles on's. (withall?

Gold. Puſh, leaue it to me--how now: who would you ſpeake

Cunſt. Speak withall? haue wee waited all this while, for a ſuſpected theeſe? *Gold.* How? your'r ſcarce awake yet I thinke, looke well, does any appeare like a theeſe in this company. away you ſlaues, you ſtand loytring, when you ſhould looke to the common wealth? you catch knaues apace now, do you not? they may walke by your noſe, you ras kalls?

All. Sweete Maiſter *Goldſtone.*

Gold. You lackt ſpirit in your company, till I came among you: here bee fiue on's, lets but glew together, why now the world ſhall not come betweene vs.

Purſ. If we be true among our ſelues.

Gold. Why true; we cannot lack to be rich; for we cannot lack riches, nor can our wenches want, nor we want wenches.

Prl. Let me alone to furniſh you with them.

Tayl. And me.

Gold. Theres one care paſt: and as for the Knights daughter, Our chiefeſt buſineſſe, and leaſt thought vpon.

Purſ. Thats true ifaith.

Tayl. How ſhall we agree for her.

Gold. With as much eaſe as for the reſt: to morrow brings the night, lets all appeare in the beſt ſhape we may; troth is, we haue need on't, and when amongſt vs fiue ſhe makes election, as one ſhe ſhall chooſe.

Purſ. True, ſhe cannot chooſe.

Gold. That one ſo fortunate amongſt vs fiue,
Shall beare himſelfe more portly, liue regarded,
Keepe houſe, and be a countenance to the reſt.

All. Admirall.

Gol. For inſtance, put caſe your ſelfe after ſome robbery done
Were purſu'de hardly; why there were your ſhelter,
You know your Sanctuary: nay ſay you were taken,
His letter to the Iuſtice will ſtrik't dead,
'Tis policie to receiue one for the head.

All. Lets hug thee *Goldſtone.*

Gold. What haue I begot? *Purſ.* What Sir?

Gold. I muſt plot for you all, it likes me rarely.

Tayl. Prethee what iſt ſir?

Gold. 'Twould ſtrike *Fitſgraue* pale,
And make the other Suiters appeare blanckes.

Frip. For our vnited miſteries.

Gold. What if we fiue preſented our full ſhapes
In a Strange-gallant, and conceited maske?

Purſ.

Purſu. In a maske, your thoughes and mine were twins.

Tayl. So the deuice were ſubtle nothing like it.

Frip. Some Poet muſt aſſiſt vs.

Go. Poet? youle take the direct line to haue vs ſta'gde? why what lacks Bowſer, are you too well, too ſafe, an abſolute ſcholler, eaſie to be wrought, no danger in the operation.

Purſ. But haue you ſo much intereſt?

Go. What in Bowſer? why my leaſt word commands him: (ſuites enow.

Tayl. Then no man fitter.

Purſ. And there's Maiſter *Frip* too, can furniſh vs of maſking

Frip. Vpon ſufficient pawne I thinke I can ſir:

Purſ. Pawne? I owe, here take my chaine: pawnes among brothers? we ſhall thriue? but wee muſt ſtill expect one roague in fiue, and thinke vs happy too.

Go. Laſt man we ſpoke on, Maiſter Bowſer. (ifaith?

All. Little maiſter Bowſer, ſweete maiſter Bowſer welcome

Fitſ. Are your fathers dead, gentlemen, y'are ſo merry.

Go. By my troth a good ieſt, did not I commend his wit to you gentlemen, harke ſirra Rafe Bowſer, *couzē* Bowſer ifaith? thers a kind of portion in towne, a girle of 15 hundred, whom we al powrefully affect, and determine to preſent our parts to her in a Maske. *Fitſ.* In a Maske!

Go. Right ſir, now a little of thy braine for a deuice to preſent vs firme, which wee ſhall neuer bee able to do our ſelues thou knowſt that; and with a kind of ſpeech wherein thou mayſt expreſſe what gallants are, brauely;

Fitſ. Puh, how can I expreſſe em otherwiſe but brauely: now for a Mercury and al were fitted.

Purſ. Could not a boy ſupply it? *Fitſ.* Why none better.

Purſ. I haue a boy ſhal put down al the Mercuries ith towne, A will play a Mercury naturally, at his fingers end ifaith.

Fitſ. Why then wee are ſuted; for torch-bearers and ſheeld-boies, theſe are alwaies the writers properties; y'are not troubled with them.

Go. Come my little Bowſer; do't finely now, to the life.

Fitſ. I warrant you gentlemen.

Frip. Hist; giue me a little touch aboue the rest and you can possible, for I meane to present this chaine of pearle to her.

Fitf. Now I know that let me alone to fit you. *Exeunt.*

ACT. 5.

Enter Cittizens.

1. *Cit.* Come forth you wary prittle—why spring strumpet haue we found your close haunts, your priuate watchtowers, and your subtill meanes. *New.* How then?

2. *Cit.* You can steale secretly hether, you mistical queane you, betwylight, twittertight too, y ou haue a priuiledge from your hat forsooth, to walke without a man, and no suspition,
But we poore gentlewomen that goe in Tires
Haue no such liberty we cannot do thus,
Custome grants that to you thats shame in vs.

New. Haue you donne yet?

2. *Cit.* You broke the backe of one husband already & nowth' others dead with griefe at sea, with your secret expences, close stelths cunning filches, and continued banquets in corners; then forsooth you must haue your milke-baths to white you, your rose-leaues to sweeten you, your beane-floure bags, to sleeke you, and make you soft, smoothe, & delicate, for lasciuious entertainement.

New. So, and you thinke all this while you dance like a theese in a mist, y'are safe, no body can finde you; pray were not you a Felmongers daughter at first, that runne away with a new Courtier for the loue of Gentlewomens clothes, and bought the fashion at a deere rate, with the losse of your name & credit, why what are all of you, but rustical insides, and citty flesh, the bloud of yeomen, and the bum of gentlewomen—

Enter Fitsgraue.

2. *Cit.* What shall wee suffer a changeable forepart to out-tongue vs, take that. *New.* Murder, murder—

Fitf. How now? why Ladies, a retreate, come, you haue showne your spirits sufficiently, y are all land captaines, and so they shall finde that come in your quarters, but haue you the law free now to fight and scrath among your selues and let your

Gallants

Gallants run away with vs. 1. *Curti.* How?
2. *Cur.* Good. 1. *Cur.* Sweete maiſter Bowſer.
New. Another?
Fitſ. Why then I perceiue you know nothing: why they are in the way of marriage:
A knights daughter here in towne makes her election among em this night.
1. *Cur.* This night?
Fitſg. This very night, and they all preſent themſelues in a maske before her, know you not this?
2. *Curt.* O traitor Maiſter *Goldſtone*,
3. *Cur.* Periurde Maiſter *Taylor*. *New.* Without ſoule?
1. *Curt.* She will chaſe him.
Fitſ. You haue more cauſe to ioyne, and play the grounds of friendſhip mongſt your ſelues, then raſhly run diuiſion: I could tell you a meanes to pleaſure you: 1. Good maiſter Bowſer.
Fit. But that y'are women and are hardly ſecret.
2. We vow it ſeriouſly?
Fitſ. You ſhould be all there in preſence,
See all, heare all, and yet not they percieue you.
3. So that— *New* Sweete maiſter Bowſer,—I
Fitſ. I can ſtand you in ſtead,
For I frame the deuice,—
All. If euer— *Fitſ.* Will you do't—harke you—
1. Content.
2. And ile make one.
3. And I another,
Weele marre the match,
When that good newes came of my husbands death,
Goldſtone promiſt me marriage,
and Sweare to me.
2. Ile bring his oths in queſtion.
3. So will I:
Fitſ. Agree among your ſelues, for ſhame.
1. Are we reſolude?
2. In this who would not faine.

3. Friends

3. Friends all for my part,
4. Heer's my lip for mine?
3. Round let it go,
2. All wrath thus quencht,
1. And I conclude it so. *Exeunt.*

Prip. How all euents strike euen with my wishes,
Their owne inuention damnes them,---now Gentlemen?
stands your assistance firme?

1. *Gal.* Why 'tis our owne case,
Ime sorry you should doubt.

2. *Gal.* Weele furnish you?

3. Are these our Gallants?

Fitf. Are our Gallants these?

Payne. Heere be fiue shields sir?

Fitf. Finisht already, thats well? Ile see thy maister shortly,

Pain. Ime satisfied. *Exit.*

Pia. Prithee lets see maister *Fitsgraue*,

Fitf. I haue blaz'd them,

1. Whats this; (let?
Fooh, you should be a gallant too, for you'r no vniuersity Schol-

Fitf. Looke this is *Pursuer:*, the deuice, a purse wide open, and the mouth downeward. The word, *Alienis sese crumenis.*

1. Whats that?

Fitf. One that liues out of other mens pockets,

Pya Thats right?

Fitf. Heer's *Goldstones* three siluer dice,

1. They run hye, two sincks and a quater?

Fitf. They'r hye men fit for his purpose;---The word,
Fratrem q; Patrem q;? (ther is faith?

2. *Gal.* Nay he will cheat his owne brother, nay his owne fa-

Fitf. So much the word imports---- Maister *Primero*,

3. Pox what saies he now?

Fitf. The deuice, an vnuallued pearle, hid in a caue.
The word, *Occulos vendit honores*,

1. Whats that?

Fitf. One that sells maidenheads by whole-sale;

1. Exccl-

2. Excellently proper?

Fitſ. Maiſter *Frip?*

2. That pythagoricall raskall, in a gentlemans ſuite to day, in a knights to morrow:

Fitſ. The deuiſe for him; a Cuckow ſitting on a tree? The word, *Ex auis ex auibus*; one bird made of many; for you know as the Sparrow hatches the Cuckow, ſo the Gentleman fethers the Broker?

1. Let me admire thee, maiſter *Fitſgraue?*

Fitſ. They will ſcorne gentlemen: and to aſſiſt them the better, *Purſnets* boy that little pretious pick-pocket, has a compend ous ſpeech in lattin, and like a Mercury preſents their their diſpoſitions more liberally:

1. Neuer were poore gallants ſo abuſed? 'em.

Fitſ. Hang 'em, their counterfets, no honeſt ſpirit will pitty

This is my Crowne,
So good men ſmile I dread no raskalls frowne.

Away, beſtow your ſelues ſecretly, ore'head, this is the place appointed for the rehearſall, to practiſe their behauiours.

1. We are vaniſht.

Gold. Maiſter *Bowcer*,

Purſn. Welſaid yfaith, off with your cloakes gallants, let's fall roundly to our buſines:

Tayl. Is the boy perfect?

Fitſ. That's my credit ſir, I warrant you?

Frip. If our little Mercury ſhould bee out, wee ſhould ſcarce be knowne what we are.

Fitſ. I haue tooke a courſe for that, feare it not ſir; looke you firſt heere be your Sheilds:

Gold. I Where be our Sheilds?

Purſn. which is mine?

Tayl. Which is mine maiſter *Bowcer*? this?

Fitſ. I pray be containd a little gentlemen, they'l come all time ynough to you, I warrant:

Purſn. This *Frip* is growne ſo violent;

Fitſ. Yours to begin withall ſir?

Pvr. welſaid maiſter *Bowcer*, firſt the Deuice, a fair purſe wide open, the mouth downeward, the word *Alienis ecce crumenis?*

Purſn. Whats that prithee?

Fitſ. Your bounty powres it ſelfe forth to all men.

Pvrſ. And ſo it does ifaith? that's all my fault, bountifull?

Fitſ. Maiſter *Goldſtone* heers yours ſir, 3. ſiluer Dice, the word, *Fratrem q, Patrem q?*

Gol. And whats that?

Fitſ. Fortune of my ſide?

Gol. Welſaid little *Bowcer* yfaith?

Tayl. What ſay you to me ſir?

Fitſ. For the deuice A Candle in a corner; the word, *Conſumptio, Victus:* *Tayl.* The meaning of that ſir?

Fitſ. My light is yet in darknes, till I inioy her, right ſir?

Pri Now mine ſir?

Fitſ. The Deuice an vnuallued pearle hid in a Caue.

Pri. Ah ha ſirs?

Fitſ. The word, *Occultos vendit honores;*

Pri. Very-good I warrant,

Fitſ. A black mans a pearle in a faire Ladyes eye,

Pri. I ſaid twas ſome ſuch thing; (*Bowcer?*

Frip. My turne muſt needs come now; am I fitted Maiſter

Fitſ. Truſt to me, your deuice here is a Cuckow ſitting on a (tree,

Frip. The Welſh Lidger, good.

Fitſ. The word, *En Amis ex Amibus.*

Frip. I marry ſir.

Fitſ. Why do you know what 'tis ſir,

Frip. No by my troth not yet ſir.

Fitſ. Oh, I keepe one tune, I recant not.

Fri. Ime like the Cuckow in that indeed, where I loue I hold.

Fitſ. Did I not promiſe you I would fit you.

Gold. They're all very well done ifaith, and very Schollerlike, tho I ſay't before thy face little *Bowcer*, but I would not haue thee proud ont now: come if this be performde well.

Pvr. Who the Boy, he has performd deeper matters then this.

Pyam. I a pox on him, I thinke was in my pocket now, and truth were knowne, *Bungl.*

Bungl. I caught him once in mine.

Fitſ. Suppoſe the ſhields are preſented, then you begin boy.

Boy. I repreſenting *Mercury*, am a Pick-pocket, and haue his part at my fingers ends, Page I am to that great and ſecret theefe, *magno illo et Secreto Latroni.*

Bungl. There you make your honor ſir.

Boy. At *Latroni.*

Purſ. You haue it ſir.

Boy. *Latroni*, thats mine.

Fitſ. He confeſſes the Theefe's his.

Purſ. Remember boy, you point *Latroni* to me.

Boy. To you Maiſter, proceede.

Fitſ. Theſe foure are his companions, the one a notable cheater, that will cooſen his owne father.

Bou. Maiſter *Goldſtone.*

Gold. Let mee alone maiſter *Boucer*, I can take mine owne (turne.

Bou. Why. *Gold.* Peace.

Fitſ. The ſecond an notorious letcher maintaind by harlots *cuius virtus conſumptio corpus.*

Tayl. Thats I maiſter *Boucer.*

Bou. There you remember your honor ſir.

Boy. *Ille leno pretioſiſſimus, Virgineos ob lucrum vendens honores.*

Purſ. It ſounds very well yfaith.

Boy. *Poſtremus ille, quamuis apparatu ſplendidus*, is no otherwiſe but a Broker, theſe fethers are not his owne, *ſed alis ex Auibus*; all which to bee nothing but truth, will appeare by the euent. *Fitſ.* Ifaith here's all now Gentlemen.

Gold. Short and pithy.

Tayl. A good boy yfaith and a pregnant.

Purſ. I dare put truſt in the Boy ſir; forget not ſirrah at any hand to point that ſame *Latroni* to me.

Boy. I warrant you maiſter.

Gold. Come Gentlemen the time beckons vs away.

Fitſ. I, furniſh Gentlemen, furniſh.

Purſ. Harke one word maiſter *Boucer*, what's the ſame *Latroni*, I haue a good minde to that word ifaith.

Fitſ. *Latroni?* why Sheerſe of the Sheere.
Purſ. Ifaith? and I haue ſhriuen ſome ſheeres in my daies.
Fitſ. Now gentlemen are you ſatsfied and pleaſd? (*Exit.*
1. Neuer more amply:
Fitſ. Amongſt vs now falls that deſired lot,
For we ſhall blaſt fiue riualls with one plot.
Enter the Virgin betweene two antient gentlemen.
Kathe. Graue gentlemen, in whoſe approued boſomes,
My deceaſt father did repoſe much faith
Your deerely welcome: pray ſit, command muſick,
See nothing want to beautifie this night,
That holds my election in her peacefull armes,
Feaſts, Muſick, Hymnes, thoſe ſweete celeſtiall ſwarmes.
1. May you be bleſt in this election.
2. That content, may meete perfection.

Himne.

Sound Lute, Bandora, Gitterne,
Violl, Virginalls and Sithron!
Voices ſpring and lift alowde,
Her name that makes the Muſick proud:
this night perfection,
makes her election:
Follow, follow follow, follow round,
Looke you to that, nay you to that, nay you to that:
Anon, you will be found, anon you will bee found, anon you will bee found.

Cornets.

Enter the maske, thus ordered. A torchbearer, a ſheeld-boy, then a masker, ſo throng out, then the ſheeld boyes fall at one end, the torchbearers at the other; the maskers ith middle, the torchbearers are the fiue gentlemen: the ſheeld-boies the whores in boies apparrel: the maskers the fiue Gallants, they bow to her ſhe riſes and ſhewes the like, they dance but firſt deliuer the ſheeldes vp; ſhee reades.

The

The ſpeech: their action.

Kath. *Alienis ecce crumenis.*
Purſn. Bowes to her.
Kath. *Fratremque, Patremque.*
Gold. Bowes to her.
Kath. *Conſumptio victus.*
Tayl. Bowes to her.
Kath *Occultos vendit honores.*
Prim. Bowes to her.
Kath. A Cuckow: *en anis ex anibus.*
Frip. Bowes to her.
Kath. Are you all as the ſpeech and ſhields diſplay you?
Gold. Wee ſhall prooue ſo.

They going to dance, each vnhaſpes his weapon from his ſide, and giues em to the torch-bearers. Katherine *ſeemes diſtruſtfull, but then* Fiſgraue *whiſpers to her and falls backe. At the end of which all making an honor,* Frip *preſents her with that chaine of Pearle.*

Kath. The very chaine of Pearle was filcht from me.
Fitſ. Hold ſtop the boy there. Purſnet *ſtamps.*
Kath. Will none lay hands on him. *All lay hands on him.*
Gold. How now.
Frip. Alas Ime but a broker, 'twas pawnd to me in my ſhop.
Tayl. Ha, *Fitſgraue*?
Purſ. *Peamont* and the reſt.
Gold. Where's *Boucer*? *Fitſ.* Heere.
Gold. Wee are all betraide.
Fitſ Betrayde? we are new forth to betrayde, you haue not ſo much worth: nay ſtruggle not with the net, you are caught for this world.
1 *Curt.* Would we were out.
Fitſ. 'Twas I fram'd your deuiſe: do you ſee 't was I;
The whole aſſembly has tooke notice of it,
That you are a gallant cheator,
So much the pawning of my cloake containes,

You a baſe theeſe, thinke of Coome-parke and tell me that your a hired Smokſter, heres her letter. In which we are certified that you are a Bawde.

1. The broker has confeſt it.

2. So has the boy.

Taylb. That boy wilbe hangd, he ſtole the chaine at firſt and has thus long maintainde his maiſters Gallantry.

Fitſ. All which we here preſent like captiue ſlaues,
Waiting that doome which their preſumption craues.

Kath. How eaſily may our ſuſpectleſſe ſexe,
With faire appeering ſhadowes be deluded:
Deare ſir, you haue the worke ſo well begun,
That tooke from you ſmall glory would be wonne.

Fitſ. Since tis your pleaſure to refer to me,
The doome of theſe; I haue prouided ſo:
They ſhall not altogither looſe their coſt;
See I haue brought wiues for em.

Gold. Heart, the ſtrumpets——out, out.

Taylb. Hauing aſſum'd out of their impudence,
The ſhape of ſheeld-boyes.

Fr p. To heape full confuſion.

1. *Cur.* Rather confine vs to ſtrikt chaſtity,
A meere impoſſible taske then to wed theſe:
Whom we loth worſe then the foul'ſt deſeaſe.

Gol. O grant em their requeſtes.

Fitſ. The doome is paſt,
So ſince your aime was mariage:
Either imbrace it in theſe Curtizans,
Or haue your baſe acts, and felonious liues
Proclaimd to the indignation of the law,
Which will prouide a publike puniſhment:
As for the boy, and that infectious Bawde,
We put forth thoſe to whipping.

Pri. Whipping? you finde not that in the ſtatute to whip ſat-(rin.

Fitſ. Away with him.

Gol. Since all our ſhifts are diſcouered, as farre as I can ſee tis

our

our beſt courſe to marry em: weele make them get our liuings.

Purſ. He ſaies true.

New. You ſee how we are threatened, by my troth wenches be rul'd by me, lets marry em and it bee but to plauge em; for when we haue husbands we are vnder couert-baron, and may lie with whom wee liſt; I haue tri'd that in my tother husbands daies. *All Curt.* A match.

Fitſ. Ile be no more deferd, come, when do you ioyne:

Gol. Theſe forc'd marriages do neuer come to good.

Fitſ. How can they, when the come to ſuch as you?

Purſ. The often prooue the ruine of great houſes,
Nor Virgin do I in this ſeeke to entice:
All glory to my ſelfe; theſe Gentlemen,
To whome I am bound to loue for kinde aſſiſtance,
Had great affinity in the plot with me.

Kath. To them I giue my thankes: my ſelfe to thee,
Thrice worthy *Fitſgraue.*

Fitſ. I ha[illegible]ll my wiſhes.

Kath. *And I preſume ther's none but thoſe can frowne,*
Whoſe ennui's like the ruſhes we tread downe.

FINIS.